Saturday Night

November 13, 1954 • 10 Cents

Paul Horsdal

ANN CASSON: Austerity and St. Joan (Pages 4 and 5).

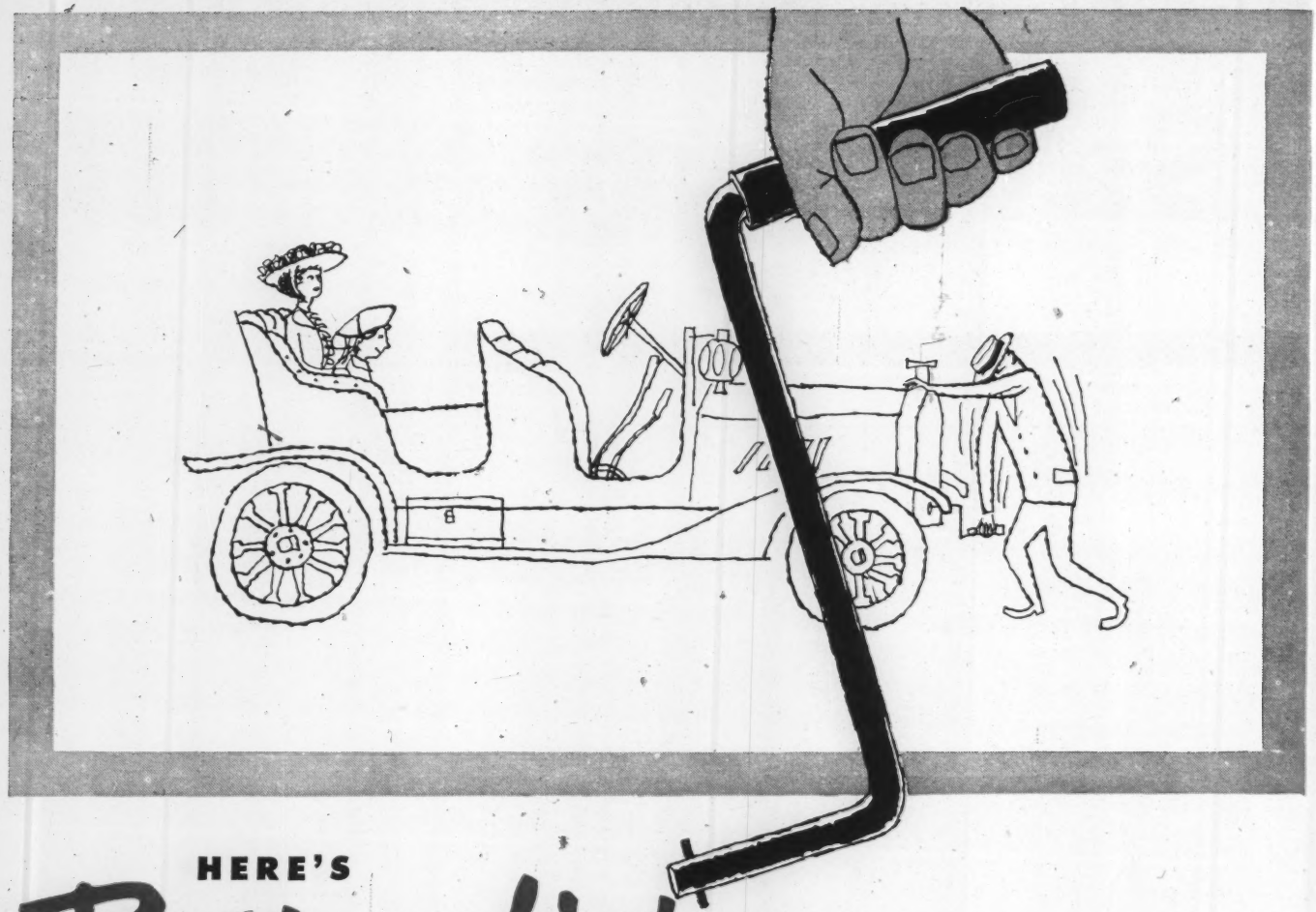
The Front Page

The suggestion that the Queen Mother be invited to become the next Governor General of Canada has revived a certain amount of interest in the question of who might or should be named to succeed the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey when his term expires in 1957. The two Canadians most prominently mentioned so far are Trade Minister Howe and General George P. Vanier, who has given the nation distinguished service as a soldier and diplomat.

There is no evidence, however, that the Canadian-in-the-street gives a hoot about the appointment; he regards the job as one of the vague but apparently necessary appurtenances of government and would give it more serious attention only if the Governor General made some rowdy headlines by throwing spitballs at visiting dignitaries or staging a fist fight with the Prime Minister in Confederation Square. In view of this apathy, it is odd that speculation about Mr. Massey's successor has not been coupled with doubts about the need for having any sort of Governor General.

The job is an important one in the Canadian political system, of

WHERE EDUCATION FAILS
By J. B. Priestley: Page 7



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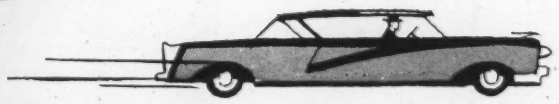

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

course; apart from any constitutional considerations, the Governor General as head-of-state takes on the burden of social responsibilities that otherwise would have to be carried by the Prime Minister. The latter, presumably, is much too busy to be bothered with the tiring and time-consuming formalities of diplomatic entertainment.

The next Governor General, then, should be a person with the ability to bring the post and the people closer together, to show the man and woman in the street that what he does is really necessary, to make them aware of the flesh and blood in the symbol. It can be done without spitballs and fistfights, if the one taking on the task has warmth and good humor to go with good manners and an informed mind. Viscount Alexander of Tunis gave a fairly sound demonstration of how it could be done—and after Mr. Massey's tenure, it will be imperative that it is done. One more Governor General as grey and remote as Mr. Massey will finish the job of making Canadians forget that there is such a thing as a royal deputy in Canada.

Mr. Massey undoubtedly performs his social duties at Ottawa with proper, if grim, dignity. Certainly he has been successful as a speechmaker at gatherings on a rarified intellectual level. But as the Queen's representative to the people of Canada, he has been a dismal flop. Not only has he shown something very close to contempt (unconscious snobbery, perhaps) for the mass of Canadian society, but he has failed to serve as a conductor for the warm flow of feeling between the Queen and her people. Just recently, when he should have been informing Her Majesty about the havoc wrought by a storm in Southern Ontario, he was off making speeches about the menace of something he called "depersonalization". Apparently he thought that one quick visit to the scene of the disaster, on behalf of the Queen, was enough—as pretty a bit of depersonalization as anyone is likely to see anywhere. His thoughtlessness was, in fact, a barrier between Her Majesty and the people who had suffered.

E. B. White once said that he would as soon personalize his writing as simonize his grandmother. A Canadian paraphrase could be that if the Chief of State isn't personalized, Ottawa could simonize a statue and set it up for a term as Governor General.

High Pressure Area

HAVE ALBERTANS developed their own version of the revenge of the cradle? "The birth-rate in this 49-year-old demi-paradise," the *Calgary Herald* observes with becoming modesty, "is, according to official figures, the highest in Canada. Has it anything to do with the climate? . . . Much more likely, we think, that Albertans, reflecting on the differential freight-rates, the iniquities of agreed charges, the cost of the tariff and the other ways in which the East has exacted tribute from the West all these years, have seen in the baby bonus the one sure way of getting their money back." Somehow, we can't quite picture the Alberta husband turning to his wife and saying, "Well, old girl, time to do something about those differential freight rates again". Much more likely, *we* think, that the *Herald* had it right the first time; the Alberta climate does have a confining effect on recreation.

The Front Page

The New Colonies

PRIDEFUL CANADIANS suffered sore humiliation the other day when Labor Minister Daley of Ontario travelled to Detroit to talk about the strike in the Ford plants at Windsor and Oakville with Walter Reuther, President of the CIO and the United Auto Workers. Here, they groaned, was a minister of the Crown traipsing hat in hand to a foreign labor boss to beg for help. O tempora, O mores, O Canada!

Mr. Daley, of course, was simply accepting a situation that exists, one that he can do nothing about. From his office in Detroit, Mr. Reuther rules an international empire; his Canadian subjects have a certain amount of self-government, but only as much as an enlightened conqueror would give an occupied territory. Mr. Daley is not nearly so majestic a figure; he is merely a provincial minister, his power too paltry to be mentioned in the same breath with that of a man who can slow down the economic machinery of a continent. So Mr. Daley went to Mr. Reuther, just as the former's boss, Premier Frost, sought the help of the American who governs the United Steel Workers when strikes were called in northern mines last Spring.

It is rather amusing to listen to impassioned Canadian talk about flags, national anthems and similar symbols of sovereignty, at a time when great numbers of working Canadians are, in fact, colonials paying tribute to foreign masters.

First Lady

KING GEORGE VI once remarked, "We're not a family, we're a firm". Undoubtedly the most successful member of that firm is the late King's widow, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who, after sixteen conquering days in the United States, comes to Canada this week. She helped to make her husband one of the finest, certainly the most beloved, of any of Britain's Kings; she succeeded in bringing up a daughter to be a woman as well as a Queen; and now she is the best possible ambassador-at-large that any nation could hope to have.

The qualities that make her the First Lady wherever she may be were described the other day by Dermot Morrah, Arundel Herald Extraordinary, who has known her for many years. "Laughter has accompanied her through life," he wrote in the *New York Times*. "Make no mistake, though, about her complete queenliness. She has immense dignity,

Dorothy Wilding

HER MAJESTY Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother: Dignity and repose.

The Front Page

and a kind of spacious repose, together with what is indispensable to modern queenship — breadth of sympathy with every kind of man and woman. . . She held . . . that the first business of a girl is to grow up into a well-mannered and considerate young lady. . . She aimed at a deliberately feminine ideal, for she herself is the most feminine of creatures."

With the laughter and dignity goes wit. On a visit to South Africa, a dour mayor spent twenty minutes telling her about the way the Afrikaner has been oppressed by the English. "Oh, I do understand so well," the Queen Mother said gently when he was finished. "That's just how we feel about them in Scotland."

A Word for the Wise

EXCEPT THE WORD-ENDING "wise" has become so popular with some broadcasters, publicists and advertising men that if it were expunged from the language most of them would probably be left speechless. This thought occurred to us the other night when we listened to a fellow explain that "advertising-wise, consumer-wise and production-wise, this project is a dubious venture, expense-wise". He talked for some time and his colleagues appeared to be quite miffed because they couldn't get a word in—edgewise, that is.

Without Fanfare (*Cover Picture*)

SEE A LIVELY piece of theatrical entertainment is at present making a tour of some twenty-odd Canadian towns and cities, most of which have had no real theatre for years or have suffered through performances of out-of-date Broadway hits by local amateurs or wandering and often down-at-the-heels professionals. The company is The Canadian Players. Its director is Douglas Campbell, formerly of the Old Vic and for the last two seasons with the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ontario. He is the player whom Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times* called "the best Shakespearean comedian in the theatre today". The play is George Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*, and in the title role is Mr. Campbell's wife, Ann Casson.

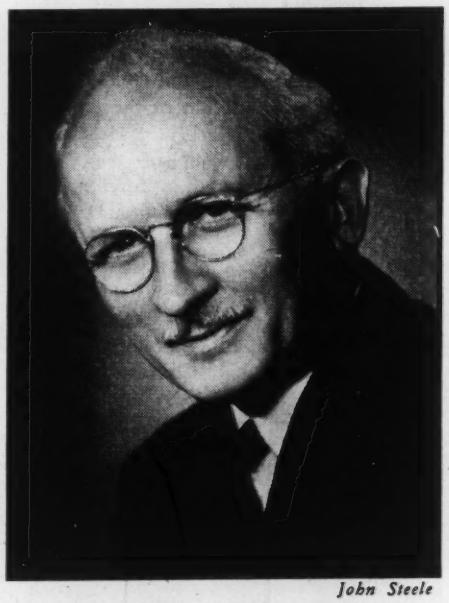
Miss Casson might be said to have inherited the part, for it was written for her mother, Dame Sybil Thorndike. Miss Casson played *Saint Joan* for two years in London, and to the acclaim of critics and audience was added high praise from the author. "You are in exactly the right humor for it," wrote Shaw, "for Joan is a volcano of energy and never the snivelling Cinderella, born to be burnt, that all the others — except the first — made her". Dressed in a simple costume of slacks and a hooded jersey to match the modern dress of the other players, Miss Casson indeed gives an astonishing performance.

Austere though the production is—several benches, a stool or two, and a table are almost all the props—it is rich in conception and intensely and imaginatively portrayed.

Hospital Care

AFTER READING some harsh words by a doctor about the way hospitals were being run, we sought out Dr. G. Harvey Agnew, who had just been elected President of the Ontario Hospital Association. He is also head of the Department of Hospital Administration at the University of Toronto, president of the American Association of Hospital Consultants, past president of the American Hospital Association and a former secretary of the Canadian Hospital Council.

Were hospitals spending too much money on non-essentials—buildings and



John Steele

DR. G. HARVEY AGNEW: Small hospitals are better organized now.

equipment not really necessary for the care of the sick? "I don't think so," Dr. Agnew said. "Research today is teamwork. It involves skilled individuals and elaborate equipment. Naturally, it is done best in a large centre. But more and more, what we might call the community hospital is getting the certified specialist on its staff. These hospitals are developing good laboratories and X-ray departments and are installing quite elaborate equipment. Today many procedures are being carried out in fairly small hospitals which a generation ago—not even that long, just a few years ago—would have been considered as only possible in a large metropolitan hospital. Major operations and highly technical diagnoses, such as a diagnosis of tuberculosis of the kidney, an extremely complicated procedure, are now being performed as a matter of course in small community hospitals. Now, too, medical staffs in the small hospitals are organized for work more effectively. They are really giving a scientific service to their communities."

Hospitals apparently have no difficulty "from an accounting point of view" in handling patients contributing to a variety of health insurance schemes. Would a uniform, compulsory system be better? "I'm for the voluntary system of hospitals as we know them today," Dr. W. Douglas Piercey, executive director of the Canadian Hospital Association, told us. "I believe it is very important that the voluntary system of hospitals as we know them be perpetuated. This voluntary system can be most permanently assured if the prepayment of hospital care is largely left to the independent prepaid plans. I think we've demonstrated in Ontario that the voluntary system can work, bearing in mind the high percentage of the population now covered. There is a field, however, for government co-operation with certain groups, such as indigents, Mother's Allowance cases and the chronically ill. I think possibly the ideal would be a voluntary system of prepayment for the bulk of the population and government co-operation for special groups."

Understanding

WHEN SOMEONE questioned Sir Anthony Eden a little while ago about differences between his country and the United States, he replied quite reasonably that the differences seemed to be the only things one ever heard about; very little was said about the more numerous points of agreement and co-operation. The same thing could be said of the relations between Quebec and its neighbors. While the politicians squabble and the guardians of prejudice rant, a good deal of quiet work is being done to broaden the area of understanding between French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians.

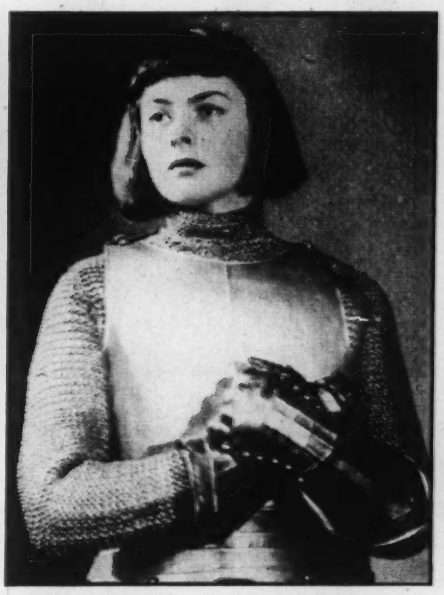
Just a couple of weeks ago, for example, under the auspices of the *Visites Interprovinciales* and Upper Canada College, a group of some 40 boys from 16 to 19 years of age, from the Académie Querbes, Outremont, spent a week-end in Toronto, stayed with families in the city and spent an hour in UCC classes. It was the second such visit to UCC, and there have been many other groups at schools elsewhere; in the meantime, English-speaking students have had an opportunity to visit homes and schools in Quebec. It is work done by organizations like the *Visites Interprovinciales* that will ultimately make laughing-stocks of parochial demagogues.

Joan of Arc: Village Maid and Warrior-Saint

The Enigma of her Life a Challenge to Authors and Actresses

UTA HAGEN *gave a high-spirited performance in Shaw's* Saint Joan *in 1951.*

JEAN ARTHUR *is now on tour in the United States in the leading role in the same play.*



INGRID BERGMAN *in 1946 starred in* Joan of Lorraine *by Maxwell Anderson.*

A DOZEN other playwrights have used Joan as a theme and many actresses have aspired to play their varied interpretations. *Saint Joan* by G. B. Shaw undoubtedly provides one of the richest parts, for Shaw's keen and satiric mind swept aside the accretions of legend and the mumbo-jumbo of the Maid's contemporaries to write a play about a real girl, neither witch nor saint, but assuredly inspired. Besides the actresses pictured here who have played *Saint Joan* are Elizabeth Bergner and Katharine Cornell. Julie Harris is reported to be considering the role in Jean Anouilh's *The Lark,* adapted by Lillian Hellman.

MARGARET ANGLIN, *the Canadian-born actress, played Joan in Emile Moreau's* The Trial of Joan of Arc *in 1920.*

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE *was Shaw's "first" Joan. Today her daughter, Ann Casson, plays the role in Canada.*

SARAH BERNHARDT *played Joan in Schiller's* Die Jungfrau von Orleans, *that "witch's cauldron of raging romance".*

Photos courtesy of Producers' Theatre

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Where Education Fails: Today's Hard Facts

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

MY FATHER was the head of a large elementary school in Bradford, Yorkshire. (It was at his school that the first school meals in England were provided.) I was thinking about him, the other day, after I finished reading a novel, obviously autobiographical, about a young man's experience, these days, teaching in a similar sort of school. I can imagine my father's horror. Indeed, I doubt if he would have believed a word of this novel. It would not have seemed possible to him for us to spend as much as we have done on education and then find ourselves with schools of this sort, a new version of Dotheboys Hall, publicly financed. Yet the young novelist did not seem to me the type that would exaggerate much; there was a solid documentary feeling about his work; he was doing his best to tell us the truth.

The school in this novel was in a rough district in an industrial town. But then so was my father's school. Many of his lads, much to his indignation, were "half-timers", and went clattering to the mills in their clogs either mornings or afternoons. Their fathers probably earned about thirty shillings a week. Many of them lived in dark streets "back o't' mill" where on Saturday nights there were huge drunken battles. What some of the older sisters of these lads said and did in the mills could not be set down here. It was all very rough and tough. Nevertheless, my father's school was a palace of learning and high endeavor when compared with the miserable place in this contemporary novel. On the other hand, the grants we make to Education would have seemed to my father so many figures out of the Arabian Nights. All he and his friends had dreamt of had come to pass, *in theory*, but what is actually happening would have seemed to them a nightmare.

One reason why we are all so confused is that we attach more than one meaning to the term *Education*. We tend to dodge between one meaning and another. To the old-fashioned type of progressive teacher, usually a Labor man like my father, Education was the magical panacea. Little more was needed "to build Jerusalem" than sufficient Education. But even then they were giving the term almost a mystical significance. After all, my father knew men who in theory were much better educated than he was, had sat in classrooms and lecture halls far longer than he had, had passed far more examinations, had received far more certificates, degrees and fancy gowns; yet he knew very well—and would not have hesitated to say so—that some of them were just nincompoops. And if these choice specimens had not been transformed by so much expensive Education into great citizens, why should more and more of it be expected to work wonders with nearly everybody?

The truth is, these men of my father's generation had a passion—a noble passion, let me add at once—for self-improvement. They felt they lived in a world that was improving itself, for the idea of Progress was still in the air, and they had a passionate desire to improve themselves along with it. If they could help their fellow men in this endeavor, then so much the better. My father worked as hard outside his school at this task as he did inside it. Through the sleet and darkness of West Riding winters, he carried and spread the Light. It was only a matter of pushing on and then turning a corner. There, round that corner, were the villas and gardens, the colleges and libraries, the wonderful theatres and concert halls, the immense white forums and the shining avenues, of Socialism's Merrie England. Education could do it. The magic wand was there.

What went wrong? If you tell me that nothing went wrong, that the schoolchildren of today, the schools and teachers of today, the cities of today, are all that my father and his friends had in mind, that their dream has been realized, then you and I had better part company at this point, for we are living in two quite different worlds between which there is no real communication. I will agree with you that there is too much blank pessimism about, too much snarling and sneering and lamentation, that we may soon arrive at a state of mind so bogged down in hopelessness that any notion of reform is absurd. But equally dangerous is a blind optimism that has lost all contact with actuality, that refuses to see what is happening under its fine pink nose. So I ask again—what went wrong?

TO BEGIN WITH, the great wars came, blowing to smithereens the idea of inevitable progress. In the First War, the sons and nephews and favorite pupils of these hopeful educators were tossed into the furnace and consumed as if they were the rubbish of the world and not the treasure of its manhood. (The young do not know and we older people are beginning to forget that we pay a stiff price every day even now for the waste of manhood in that war. Britain lost nearly a million dead. All the best and brightest of my generation perished. Believe me or

Miller

"THE GREAT WARS came blowing to smithereens the idea of inevitable progress. . . All the best and brightest of my generation perished."

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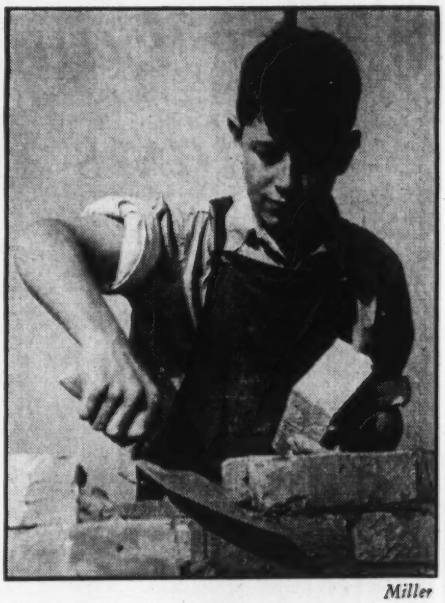
not, my children, but these young men were the flower of the ages.) So we lost both the men and the idea. Whatever the world might be doing it was certainly not automatically improving itself. Still, it could be improved. Education might yet do the trick. Ignorance, prejudice, stupidity, breed wars. Offer the opportunities. Spread the light. No mute inglorious Miltons from now on. (And here I must declare my belief that a mute Milton is an impossibility *under any system* removed from sheer barbarism.) So, though self-improvement was largely laughed at, there was more and more Education.

But something has already been lost. Because they had this passion for self-improvement, men like my father were in fact self-educators. They were determined to know more, just as small children are determined to know more. They did not passively submit to the educating process. They were eager co-operators with any teacher. They fell on books and devoured them. The shabby public libraries looked to them like outposts of the Promised Land. Most of the older men I like best either as writers or as companions had this background of passionate self-education. They did not yawn through fifty pounds worth of books given them by their fathers, but as half-starved office boys they did without lunch to buy some books. So literature to them came blazing out of life, and to this day they know what it is about, unlike the thin-lipped theologians and sneering high priests of Eng.Lit. at the universities, which contribute less and less to any criticism worth reading.

This passion in the heart defied the most hostile environment. If Coketown cared nothing for the adventures of the mind, then so much the worse for Coketown. Because they themselves were fired by this passion, these educators, who were also self-educators, dangerously underestimated the influence of the environment on young people who had no such passion. They assumed that the school would be the master of the street outside, that the values taught in school would soon shape and color the life of the town. A great many educators still believe this; perhaps they have to or they could never keep going. Somehow, they admit, it has not worked yet, but give them another few years and it will. It is, in fact, always just about to work. If their former pupils disappointed them, this present generation will redeem all. Coketown and Brickville will be transformed at last.

So we wait, wondering where the extra money, which they so reasonably demand, is coming from. Meanwhile, the popular press, which aims at pleasing the largest possible number of its readers, plainly assumes that such readers are becoming sillier and sillier. And to prove that they are right, and the educators are wrong,



Miller

"WE lack good craftsmen because we have so many failed scholars."

they have only to point to their circulation figures.

Here let me say that in my view there are many other forms of Education quite apart from reading books, sitting in classrooms, passing examinations. A youth who has really learnt a good craft has been educated. You rarely meet a downright silly fellow who is a master of a craft. There is indeed much to be said for the old apprenticeship system, in which a lad came in for some thorough teaching. It is better to be busy in the workshop than idle and yawning in a classroom. Yet it is the very enthusiasts for Education who will not recognize these facts. Often their passion for "equality of opportunity" blinds them to the essential difference between human types. So —a final irony—we lack good craftsmen because we have so many failed scholars. And we spend so much on Education that was never intended to suit everybody, we have hardly anything left to spend on improving the environment, the street and the town that, for most youngsters, will inevitably defeat the school.

There are Shakespeare and Shelley in one building, and in almost every other in the place there are the *Daily Rag*, the *Sunday Muck*, third-rate films, and parlor games on TV. So who is winning? And it is useless to clamor for more and more schools, to fail in the same fashion; for more good teachers—as if they could be ordered from the stores; for more and more of what so far has accomplished less and less. What we really need is some fresh clear light on the whole subject. This is certainly true in England, and I am willing to offer tempting odds that most of it is true in Canada too. On both sides of the Atlantic, we must stop our parrot cries, and begin thinking again.

Letter from New York

The Muscle Men Move In

By Anthony West

I SEE THAT WASHINGTON is to lose and New York is to gain by Francis Carr's latest assessment of Senator McCarthy's political strength. When the Cohn-Schine hearings were over, Mr. Carr announced that nothing would tear him from the service of his chief, but now the Buddha-like ex-FBI man, who can see twilight falling as well as anyone, has revised his plans. He has discovered that a brighter prospect has opened for him in "transportation", and he is to take up a position offered him by a New York trucking firm.

The simple-minded may be surprised to think of a man with Mr. Carr's highly developed gifts suddenly switching his mind to problems of logistics so late in his career. But the matter is less simple and a great deal nastier than it seems. The New York trucking firm concerned is undoubtedly making a smart move the way things are going, and the last thing Mr. Carr will probably have to do is to turn his mind to problems of routing and handling profitable cargoes.

The total defeat of the forces of decency and good civic government on the New York and New Jersey waterfront has given the cause of gangsterism in unions a fillip such as it has not had in decades. The hoodlum element that dominates the dockers' union on the waterfront is now moving in on the trucking enterprises that serve the docks, and which also serve Manhattan's enormous and diversified manufacturing industry. You may have seen short and extremely puzzling reports of a trucking strike that was rapidly called and rapidly settled in New York in the middle of October. This represented Phase One of the operation.

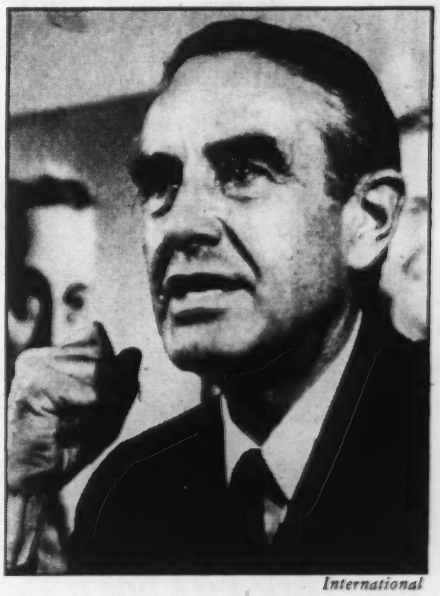
The strike was run by breakaway hoodlum union leaders against the orthodox leadership of the Teamsters' Union headed by Dave Beck, and it was called to demonstrate that they could deliver better labor contracts than the orthodox leadership. Their ability to do this was guaranteed by a private arrangement made, before calling the strike, with five major trucking companies specializing in waterfront business. These firms had learnt the lesson from the big stevedoring companies that no civic or governmental agency is at present competent in this field and as soon as the strike was called they signed on the dotted line. The other trucking firms, pointing out that the terms of the new contracts would mean immediate increases in trucking rates of ten to fifteen per cent, signed too. After this big, prearranged, cave-in on the employers' front they had no alternative.

Phase Two will now follow, an era of shakedowns and extortions, the cost of which will be passed on to the public in one form or another. Phase Three will be an attempt to expand this type of unionism into other fields, and if past industrial history is any indication of the way things are liable to happen, the garment industry is a likely victim. All in all, the prospects are rich in conspiratorial possibilities of a devious and Florentine kind and plot-minded persons are going to find full outlet for their talents.

The disclosure of mare's-nests, and their construction, is a traditional sport in election years and some very fine specimens were unveiled before the election. Senator William E. Jenner's investigating committee into subversive activities went into special session a few weeks ago and heard testimony that made the blood of all who heard it run cold. It seems (hold onto your chairs, men) that the Progressive Party that ran Wallace for President and Taylor for Vice-President in 1948 was riddled with pinko elements, some of which were communist. This staggering information, known in 1948 to every adult in the United States capable

Wide World

FRANCIS CARR: A new outlet.



International

AVERELL HARRIMAN: Old news.

of reading newsprint, was elicited by counsel from expert witnesses (drawing $25 per day from the Justice Department), who were supposed to be yielding up as a harrowing public duty the terrible secrets that they had learned as members of the Communist party. The committee's sudden interest in the deader-than-mutton Progressive Party just possibly related to the fact that its vice-presidential candidate, Glen Taylor, failed to sink with the ship and, running as a Democrat, was giving Senator Henry Dworshak of Idaho more competition than he cared for. The public funds lavished on the hearings will not, however, be chargeable to anybody's election expenses. The taxpayers will as usual do their duty.

Historical research also cast its spell over the Republican candidate for Governor of New York, Senator Irving M. Ives. He appeared on television, tense with emotion, and disclosed that his opponent, Averell Harriman, had been involved in a bribery case. The charge was backed with documentation, shocking, unbelievable evidence in black and white—well, not exactly black and white, more a yellow color—in fact, clippings from the 28-year-old newspapers in which the matter was fully ventilated. The issue, if it can be called one, was beaten to death in the 1932 election, and Senator William Langer, a Republican, exhumed it and reported it as extinct three years ago. Why Mr. Ives brought it up no one will ever know.

Vice-President Nixon, the man with a sob in his throat, who introduced his dog to the television audience three years ago, was still campaigning happily against Truman and Acheson and against the United States Civil Service. With all the passion at his command, he was doing his best to establish in the public mind the fact that 2,611 men fired by the civil

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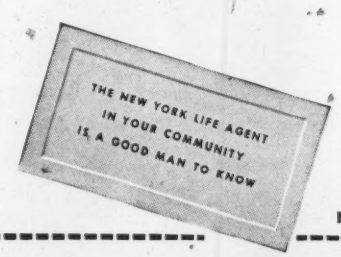

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VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON: Sobs.

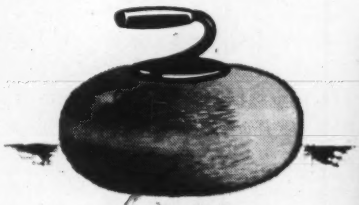
service commission, and 4,315 who resigned, were for the most part subversives who had infiltrated the "Truman-Acheson" regime, the implication being that the infiltration had official sanction. In fact, the list includes people who were fired, or were persuaded to resign for every kind of frailty, from sexual deviation and alcoholism down to simple unreliability.

"Unreliability" can manifest itself in excessive absence from work owing to colds and other minor ailments, while sexual deviation in one case meant enrolment by a male civil servant in a ballet class. Alcoholism includes men who licked their drinking ten and more years ago and still have it in their records. But the Vice-President wanted as many people as possible to believe that these people, or a majority of them, were Communist dupes or tools that an eagle-eyed Republican administration has unearthed in sensitive positions. That the consequences might include a universal mistrust of the civil service, and a reluctance of good men to join it (it is currently almost impossible for the State Department to get badly needed recruits) doesn't seem to bother the Vice-President at all.

Admirers of the President himself are not altogether happy about his recent activities. He made a kind of record by his stay in Denver; it was the longest time any President has ever spent away from his office for any reason. He came back very fit, very relaxed, and with the famous smile very much in evidence. Somehow the grin is not as infectious as it was.

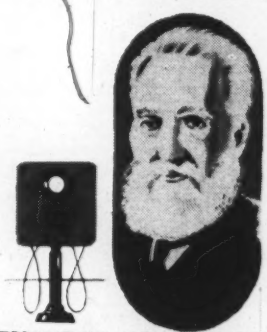
A man from Oxford, Mississippi, I was talking to the other day, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and said, "I don't see what that feller is forever smilin' for. If he's got something to smile about I wish he'd just say what. I read the papers and I don't see it."

SCOTLAND'S GIFTS TO THE WORLD



CURLING

SIR HARRY LAUDER



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

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THE QUEEN MARY

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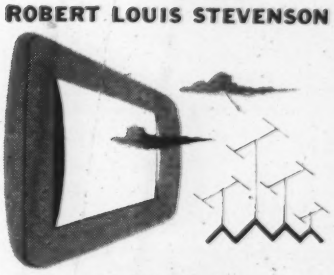

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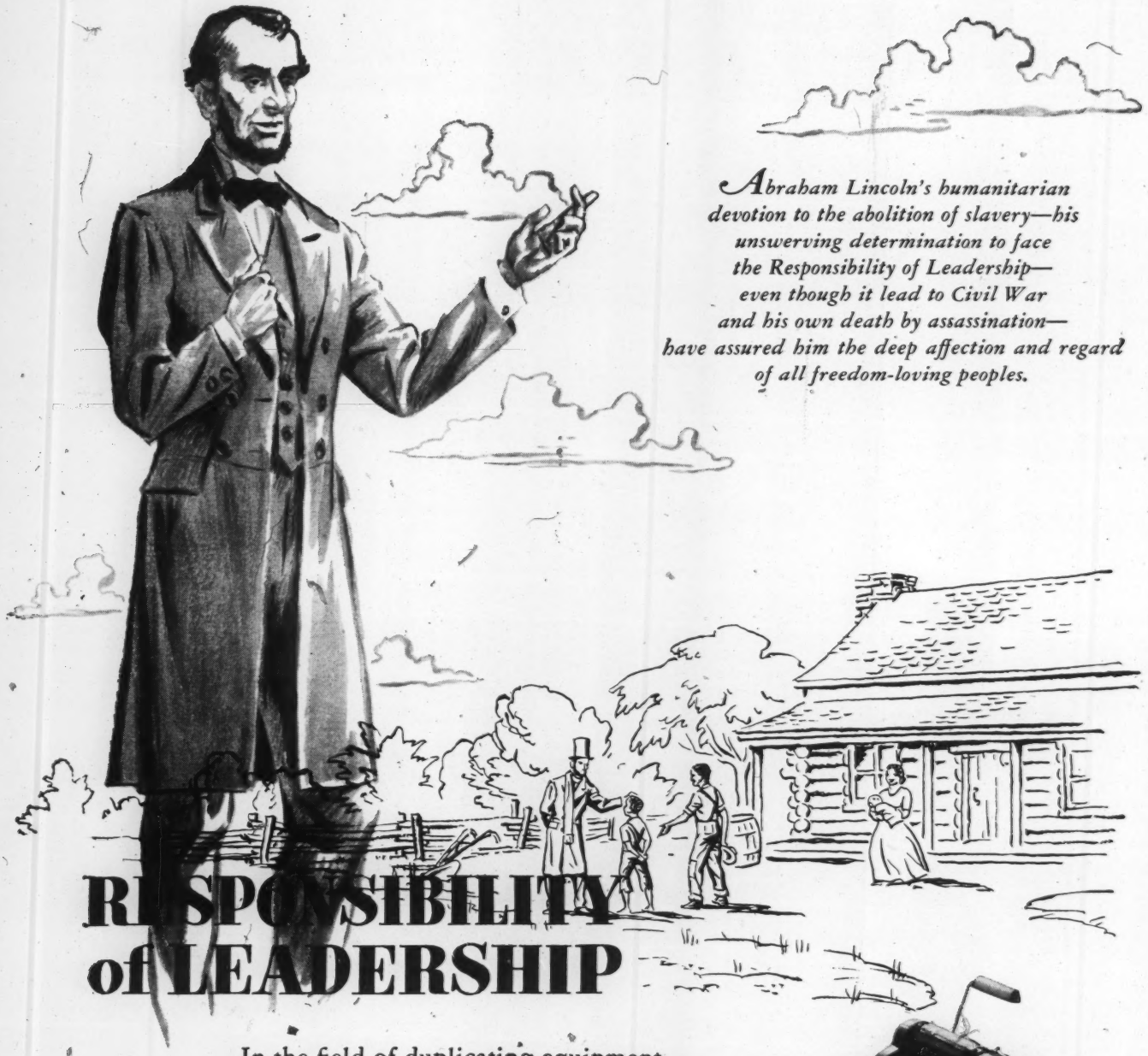

Abraham Lincoln's humanitarian devotion to the abolition of slavery—his unswerving determination to face the Responsibility of Leadership—even though it lead to Civil War and his own death by assassination—have assured him the deep affection and regard of all freedom-loving peoples.

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Ottawa Letter

The Strategy of Mr. St. Laurent

By John A. Stevenson

IN A STRANGE SILENCE has enveloped the tax negotiations between the Federal Government and the provincial Ministry of Quebec.

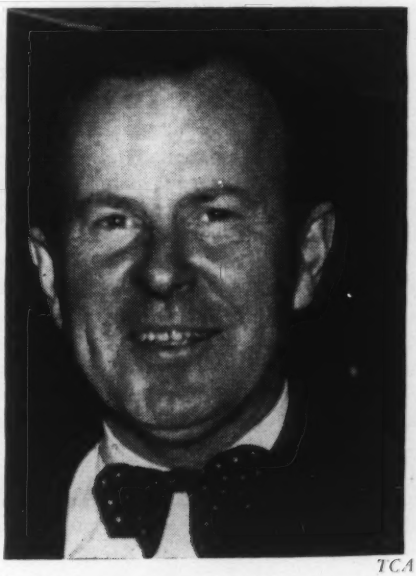
In Liberal circles in Ottawa, the word is being passed round that Prime Minister St. Laurent's curious change of front a month ago was merely a shrewd tactical move in a plan of superb political strategy, devised with the knowledge that he had the whip hand over Mr. Duplessis, because the reckless extravagance of the latter's Ministry had involved it in heavy liabilities to the banks and brought it to desperate financial straits.

The theory is that Mr. St. Laurent, in his two initial belligerent speeches, set out deliberately to frighten Mr. Duplessis, and the latter, after some postures of defiance, decided that the sands were running out for him and that it was advisable to make some bargain with Ottawa which would enrich his sadly depleted provincial treasury. When the invitation to a meeting in Montreal arrived, Mr. St. Laurent, feeling that he had his opponent at his mercy, wisely shed his militancy and took a conciliatory line, with the result that, without waiving any of his own Government's basic claims and only promising a modification of its attitude, he has been able to extract from Mr. Duplessis an important concession, namely, the abandonment of the claim to provincial priority in the field of income taxation.

Such is the Liberal story of the situation and it is also reported that Mr. Drew has been confiding to his intimates that Mr. Duplessis is a broken reed, whose value as an ally has become negligible.

Meanwhile, other members of the Cabinet have been active in different fields. Mr. Martin, the Minister of Health and Welfare, has been winning laurels in New York by acting successfully as the honest broker between the now sweetly reasonable Mr. Vishinsky and suspicious diplomats who wanted a clarification of Soviet proposals before they would look at them. Mr. Howe has been lecturing the members of the Canadian Exporters' Association about divers shortcomings in their policies and practices. Mr. Harris, the Minister of Finance, must have pondered gloomily over the latest statement (for September) of the Government's balance sheet.

Collections of budgetary revenues in September at $296 million were $28.7 million below the figure for September, 1953, and, since total expenditures for the month fell by $27.2 million, the budgetary deficit was only slightly higher. But for the first half of the current fiscal year, budgetary revenues at $1,935.2 million showed a decline of $153.4 million; in this same period total expenditures only fell by $16.6 million, and the budgetary surplus shrunk to $63.4 million as compared with $200.2 million for the first half of 1953-1954.



TCA

LESTER PEARSON: No decision.

The record shows that any surplus that a government piles up in the first half of a fiscal year always suffers progressive reductions in the second half, when expenditures are invariably heavier. The portents indicate that Mr. Harris will have the disagreeable experience of having to admit a deficit in the first balance sheet that he presents to Parliament. It is understood that he and his officials are now busy using the pruning hook of economy with a rigorous hand on the estimates of all the Departments.

SIGNING of the treaties that restore Western Germany to the comity of nations and permit her rearmament within limitations has produced such a chorus of applause that at the moment it is almost high treason to voice any misgivings about the wisdom of the pacts. But their implications for Canada, which is a party to them, deserve careful examination.

Since his return to Ottawa, Mr. Pearson has declared that no decision has been reached as to whether the armed forces of Canada now stationed in Europe will remain there. Britain is explicitly committed by the treaties to keep armed forces of a strength of 120,000 on the European continent for an indefinite period and, apart from the fact that this pledge will prevent any reduction of the period of two years' military service to which all the youth of Britain are now liable, it will involve heavier burdens for the British taxpayer. Hitherto, the Government of West Germany has been contributing £150 million a year for the maintenance of the British Army of Occupation, but apparently the restoration of German sovereignty means an end of this levy, and the British treasury will have to find an equivalent sum for the cost of the army on the continent. Under these circumstances, Canada would cut a shabby figure if she withdrew all her forces from Europe and left Britain with the whole burden of the Commonwealth's contribution to the defence of Western Europe.

It also might as well be recognized that both Britain and Canada have lost their former freedom of action, when a grave international crisis threatening war develops. Before the present treaties were signed, they enjoyed a special position in their relations with the United States and could exercise considerable influence to restrain the United States from misguided policies, but now they are only two among a band of allies of the United States. Once her rearmament is completed, Germany, with her renovated industrial machine, will once more be the most powerful nation in Western Europe and in the councils of NATO, Britain and Canada, acting together, would find it hard to resist successfully policies on which the United States and Germany were combined. The minor European members of NATO would not dare to defy such a combination.

THE broadcast of Percy J. Philip, describing a conversation he professed to have had with the spirit of Mackenzie King, has created a considerable commotion in the spiritualist world. Mr. Philip has been the recipient of many communications from devotees of spiritualism, who accept the conversation as genuine and are keenly interested in it. A lady in Kingston, the leader of a local spiritualist covey, has written to him that at their seances they have had the good fortune to achieve contact with Mr. King, but that satisfactory communion with him has been frustrated by the constant intervention of the spirit of the late Humphrey Mitchell, his Minister of Labor, who died a week after him and is evidently his

close companion in the Elysian fields. Another medium in Calgary, who claims to be in regular touch with Mr. King's spirit, is reported to have employed an agent in Ottawa for the transmission of a message from Mr. King to Mr. St. Laurent.

Mr. Philip's broadcast has greatly interested a veteran Tory politician, Colonel Hugh Clark, who, sitting for Bruce County, was a very popular member of the House of Commons from 1911 to 1921. During a recent visit to Ottawa he told your correspondent a story, which he said had always made him dubious about the veracity of spirits. He was a friend of Sir Donald Mann, a famous railway builder in his day, who in his later years became an ardent spiritualist.

One day Sir Donald related in detail to Colonel Clark a conversation that he had had with the spirit of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He asserted that Laurier had confided to him that, if he had to live his life over again, he would steer clear of politics. But Colonel Clark had a very clear recollection of his last talk with Laurier, when they were walking from Parliament Hill on the final day of Laurier's last session. When he suggested to Laurier that he must be glad of relief from the burden of daily attendance in the Commons, the old man said, "On the contrary, if I had my way, Parliament would sit the year round. Politics are still the breath of life to me. When the House is not sitting, I am bored and at a loose end. I have nothing to do except write a few letters and read books and my only diversion is to go up town to Charlie Murphy's office and have a talk with him." Laurier was no hypocrite and Colonel Clark thought it curious that his spirit should tell a different story to Sir Donald.

Some of the chief bellwethers of the Social Credit party were in a mood of jubilant optimism at the recent provincial convention in Vancouver. Premier W. A. C. Bennett expatiated in glowing terms about the wonderful financial record of his Ministry and claimed that, if the voters only had the sense to keep it in power until 1962, it would then have British Columbia free from debt. But he also lamented the uncooperative attitude of Mr. St. Laurent towards certain ambitious projects of the provincial Ministry for the development of British Columbia's resources and rebuked Mr. St. Laurent for holding a private conference with Mr. Duplessis about fiscal problems.

CP

SOLON LOW: Political bravura.

Under the stimulus of this inspiration, the assembled faithful listened with rapt attention to a brace of Social Credit moguls from Alberta, when they outlined plans for a nation-wide campaign designed to give the party power at Ottawa within the next few years.

E. G. Hansell, the national chairman of the party, and Solon Low, its parliamentary leader at Ottawa, vied with one another in the exuberance of their ventures into the realm of prophecy. They both proclaimed their conviction that the Canadian people were weary of the older parties and were now turning to the Social Crediters as the only alternative. But, whereas Mr. Low, the layman, resorted to the line of biblical metaphor made popular by the late Mr. Aberhart, when he avowed that the Canadian people "like the children of Israel have just about ended their forty years of wandering in the wilderness", Mr. Hansell, the cleric, contented himself with the bald secular statement that his party "will lead Canada in a glorious destiny".

It was political soothsaying in a high bravura style, but unfortunately for the roseate hopes that it must have aroused in the breasts of the delegates, there is no evidence that the Social Credit faith has made any serious number of converts outside our two westernmost provinces, where its hold upon power in the provincial arena has been mainly due to special circumstances, the oil boom in Alberta and the badly discredited leadership of the two senior parties in British Columbia. The loss of the Red Deer seat to the Progressive Conservatives in a by-election held some months ago, suggested an ominous waning of enthusiasm among the voters of Alberta for the Social Credit party, and it had nothing to say in the six Federal by-elections just held.

It has yet to recruit in the provinces east of the eastern boundary of Alberta, a single spokesman whose pronouncements command any respect with intelligent voters.

the crest of popularity!

THE MARK OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS HAT

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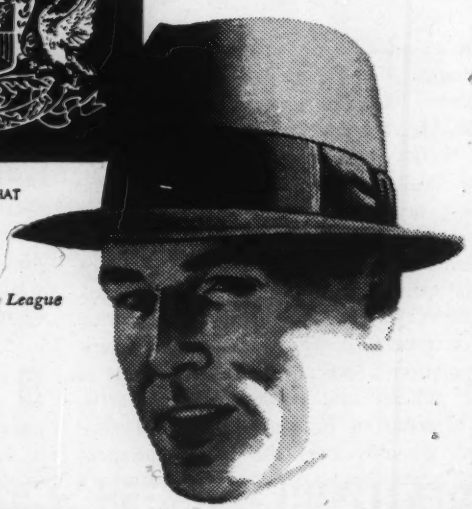

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On its own bottom. Let the thing be done
By strength and purpose, by your own hard hand.
He asked no help and he would proffer none.

That was the way he was. A man of pride;
A man of strength and substance; hard and grim
And independent till the day he died.
He died alone. The neighbors buried him.

CHARLES BRUCE

•

Loon

For this paunch of time, the gut-hanging summer
Glutted with golden days, the pudding of the year,
This moon bird this loon this lake lark night mummer
Laughs at the cuckold of spring among islands;
Makes mock over complacent waters, still evades
The fell accusing constable of pines.
This clown among islands, remembering masquerades,
Jests at the gout of harvest, the ripeness.

In the thin place of the year's cold obstruction,
At the gaunt time of grief among islands,
In the white bone of the winds' contention
Remember your late lark, your sweet cheat gone,
And in the slow huddle and maze of winter
Ponder the loon's loss, summer down, and wonder.

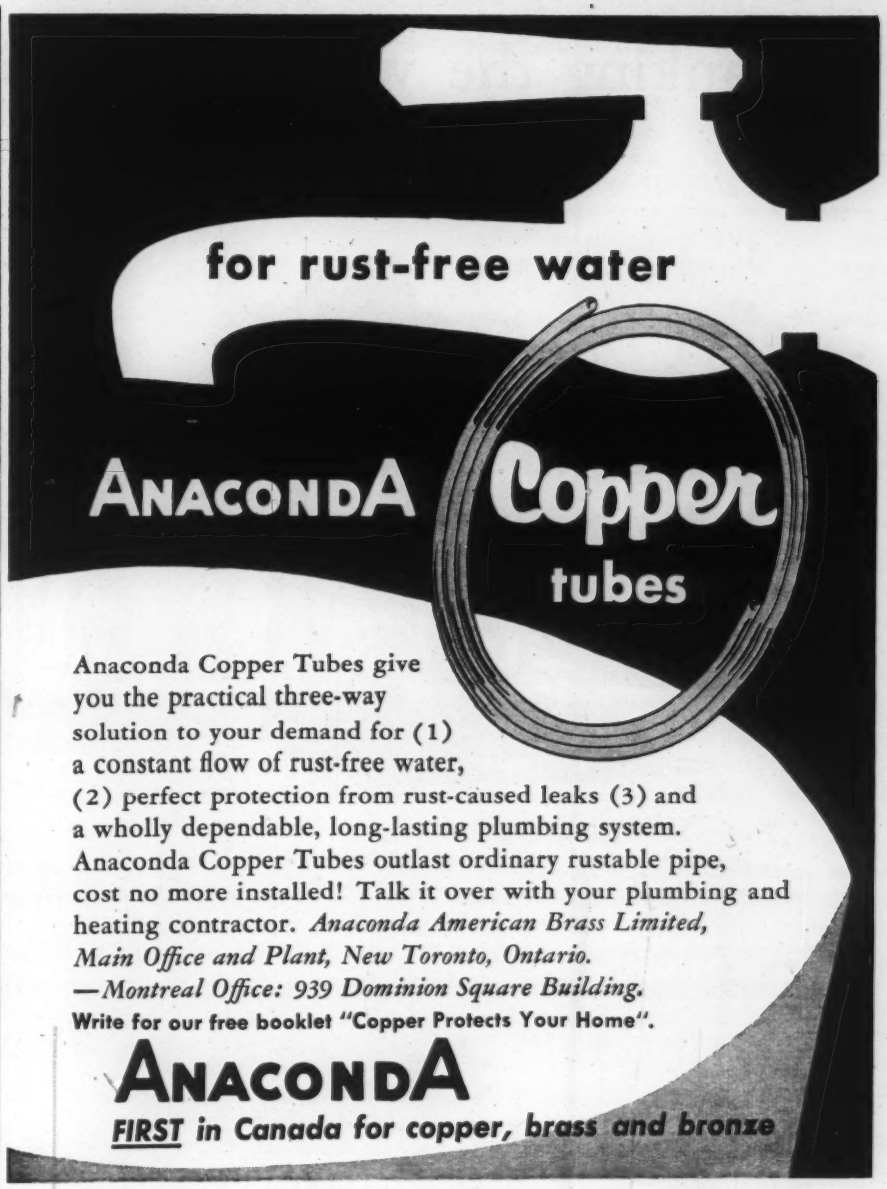
PETER DWYER

•

The Interpreter

Love's called by every twisted name
The unloved ever knew,
Yet he who holds the shape of flame
In memory, and who
Has watched the noiseless clouds collide,
With listening suspense,
And almost hears the silent stride
Of growth in the immense,
Dark struggle of the roots beneath
The battleground of soil—
(A worm makes of itself a wreath
With one smooth, practised coil)
Who's humbled in the presence of
The ageless face of stone,
Might sensitively mention love
With some word of his own.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS



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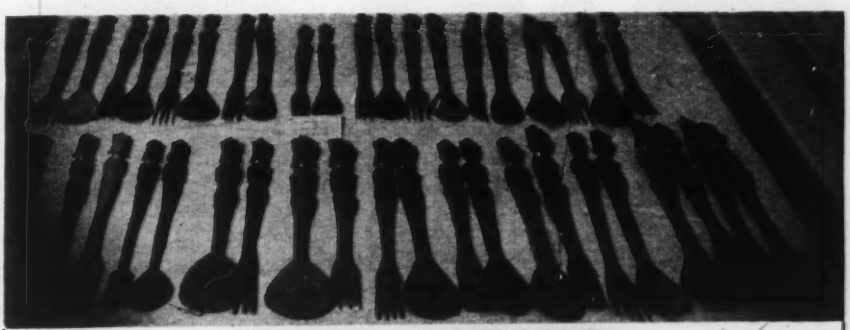

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THE BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY

Television

Education on the Picture Tube

By Hugh Garner

FOR A GUY who has all the appearance of, and the inclination to be, a lowbrow, I'm a sucker for educational shows on TV. Whenever I get the chance you'll find me peering, via my television screen, over the shoulder of a scientist showing minute organisms in a drop of water, the difference between Ordovician and Silurian rock formations, or the eggs of the whooping crane.

Most of these programs come on the air during the day, when they will not interfere with the selling of soap, cigarettes or blood purifier, and many of them can be seen on Sunday afternoon. "Omnibus" is an excellent and informative program. Others that I have watched with a great deal of interest, from both Canada and the U.S.A. were "Zoo Parade"; "Modern Medicine", sponsored by the University of Buffalo Medical School; "A is for Aardvark"; "Adventure" with Charles Collingwood; and the "Johns Hopkins Science Review".

The subjects used on these programs run the gamut from "Adventure's" Story of the Arctic to "Excursion's" History of Jazz. Even if you don't know the difference between a sea anemone and lobster thermidor, you can sit in on any of these classes on a Sunday afternoon, when the children have gone to Sunday school and the roast is cooking in the oven, and enjoy them.

A few Sundays ago I watched the "Johns Hopkins Science Review", which was devoted, on that particular program, to the subject of jet propulsion. The Johns Hopkins Review, produced jointly by TV station WAAM and the Dumont Television Network, has now passed its 260th presentation, and in these 260-odd programs has covered literally every subject under the sun, from preventive medicine to paleontology. The program is filmed, and opens with an exterior view of some of the Johns Hopkins buildings in Baltimore. Then a commentator, whose name, I believe, is Lynn Poole, sits on the edge of a desk and in a pleasant conversational tone begins to talk about the subject at hand.

On this particular program he described what is commonly meant by the jet engine, and by means of a blackboard illustrated its fundamental workings. He ascribed the first experiments with jet propulsion to Heron of Alexandria in the Second Century B.C., and said that modern jets function according to Newton's Third Law of Motion: "To every action there is a reaction"; two very handy things to know if you're ever invited to a quiz show.

He gave full credit for the recent discovery of jet propulsion to Sir Frank Whittle, who, in 1926 as an RAF cadet, drew up the first rough plans for the gas turbine engine, commonly called the "jet". Then he told the audience that by means of a British Information Service film we would see the evolution of the jet engine from its inception to the present day.

The film opened with the interior of an office on an RAF station in England

Dumont

LYNN POOLE: Atoms to ants.

in 1926, and showed Cadet Whittle speaking with his superior officer, Flt. Lt. Patrick Johnson. With a hasty sketch on a pad on Johnson's desk, Whittle drew up his ideas for a gas turbine engine that could be used in aircraft. Johnson asked him if he had thought of patenting the idea.

"Good Lord, no! I don't know how to go about it," Whittle replied.

"Well, we'll have to take out letters patent," Johnson said, practically, proving why he was a Flight Lieutenant and Whittle was still only a Cadet.

The next scene showed Whittle at the patent office, where he filed his application, using his own sketches and the written material furnished by Johnson. Next was an exterior view of a small factory in a town in Leicestershire (I don't remember the name of it, but Thomas Cooke led his first Cooke's tour from it), and then we were conducted into this small deserted foundry and shown the men working on the first jet engine. It began to hum louder and louder and finally everyone ran away from it but one man who seemed to be mesmerized by its noise and power. Finally, with a loud roar, the thing blew up and so, presumably, did its closest observer.

Following this disaster came many smaller ones; the blades in the rotor kept breaking, and so on, but eventually, during World War Two, the first practical engine was built, and this was soon followed, as we all know today, by many thousands more.

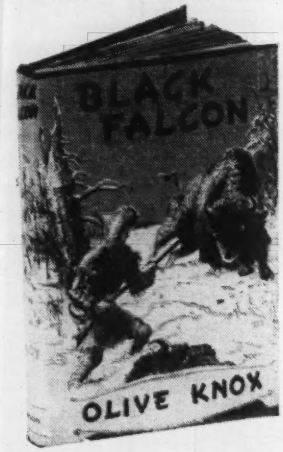
The picture then showed jets of all kinds flying and stunting around the sky, but these were pretty dated, being mainly Vampires and other obsolete aircraft. Then two laconic British test pilots, John Cunningham and John Derry, told about flying jets, and one of them said he had been as high as 12 miles into the air, "Twice as high as Everest", in one. He also said that contrary to common gossip there was no danger to the human body at such a height.

There were more jet planes in flight, followed by the statement of an official of the Western Region of the British Railways, who stated that two gas-turbine locomotives were being built for his railway, and would probably be used on the Cornish Riviera Express. Then the Navy came into the picture with an experimental gas-turbine driven gunboat, the first boat in the world so fitted and propelled. The picture faded out with the passing in review of dozens of jet aircraft, and being a British picture, this fade-out was not shot from beneath the Stars and Stripes with schoolboys saluting the flag.

Mr. Poole then came back on to the picture tube and said we would now see the Boeing 707, the first American jet transport plane, in flight. The plane, making its first flight on July 15 last, was piloted by Tex Johnson (there were more Johnsons in the program than you'd find at a Swedish picnic). The plane left the ground, circled around for a while, and came down again, which is about all you can say of any airplane flight.

Mr. Poole came back again, and told the audience that on the following week Dr. Schwartz of New York University would give a repeat performance of "Nature in Your Backyard". That I had to see; I'm just nuts about spiders, ants, pollywogs, and things like that. Now, without peeking, who conducted the first jet experiments? And what scientific law do they follow?

For Teen Agers



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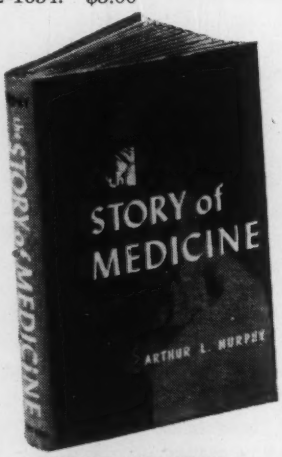

THE STORY OF MEDICINE

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THE RYERSON PRESS

The Social Scene

A Distressing Jumble of Genes

By Norman Ward

IN THAT VAGUE SENSE of impending disaster with which thoughtful men open their daily newspapers has not been dissipated in recent years by the frequency of reports about people changing sex. In the old days, one of the few things a person could be reasonably sure of was that he would carry throughout life the same portfolio. Now it appears that this is no longer true. And if there's one thing likely to spread abroad a feeling of uneasiness, it's not knowing when you may have to start altering the outlook and habits of a lifetime.

One of the most uncertain elements in the whole business is that nobody seems to know what causes a translation, or why it happens to some people but not others. Various scientific acquaintances with whom I've talked things over seem inclined to treat the whole subject with unseemly levity. In cold fact, not one of them has produced a scintilla of proof that the world isn't half populated by people who started out playing for the other team. They advise me — purely as a matter of opinion — that word of any large scale migration from one sex to another would probably have got around, so they accept the absence of information as an indication of something. They also offer statistical assurance of a kind by urging that the chances that any particular citizen will end up as another citizen are one in several million.

Wide World

CHRISTINE JORGENSON: Switched.

This kind of shambling evasiveness is not what the high priests have taught us to expect from them. A man who is beginning to feel nervous about his children calling him mother needs a clear yes or no answer, and no nonsense about it. I remember a biology teacher once impressing us that the chances of any of us—considered purely as a jumble of genes—being born at all were somewhere around one in several million.

Well, all of us there had got over that hurdle, which suggests that our chances of getting over another like it aren't so bad. I'd like to see anybody try to argue that we're not in better shape to do it again than we'd be if we hadn't made it the first time.

An interesting limitation on the trades that have been made so far is that they have been kept to a strictly one-for-one basis, one woman becoming one man, and so on. But it can be only a matter of time until we hear how some 30-year-old woman, after a simple operation, has become twin boys aged fifteen. In many parts of the world this might very well make both of him younger than her own children, a prospect to chill the heart of the most progressive parent.

In most households I know of, including my own, the initial authority of the general staff over the rank and file depends solely on the fact that, for a few fleeting years, the officers not only are, but actually appear to be, older and stronger. Reducing the period by even a year or two may well produce a situation which would make Socialism, by comparison, a godsend.

Still, a totalitarian government would at least have strict rules about who was to be divided and conquered, so to speak, as distinguished from the hit and miss methods of a free society. All real and potential opponents could be handled, not by the time-honored way of liquidation, which tends to breed distrust and ill-feeling, but by the simple process of converting them into hordes of small children of the opposite sex.

The possibilities inherent in the sex-switch as an instrument in the struggle for peace should clearly not be overlooked by our scientists. In the meantime, the greatest need seems to be for some sort of settled policy. We'll never get anywhere sitting around wondering whose turn comes next.

The Public Prints

Halifax Chronicle-Herald: It is easy —and all too common—to speak glibly of "the Canadian scene". But the Canadian scene does not consist solely in what is going on in Ottawa or Toronto, Montreal or Vancouver—or even in what is going on in Nova Scotia. It is even more what is being achieved and thought, said and projected, in Kitimat and Shawinigan Falls, in the outports of Newfoundland and the fruit farms of the Fraser River valley, by ordinary Canadians from Aklavik to Yarmouth. And more and more today the North is emerging to play its increasing part in the growing life of this country.

Vancouver Province: Good efficient immigration procedures are vital to Canada. In the coming year we will need thousands of new people to help develop our growing nation. We want an immigration system that will encourage, not discourage a good class of new Canadians.

It looks as though a good general housecleaning is needed in the immigration department.

Winnipeg Free Press: It is rather unreasonable of the party bigwigs in Ottawa to be so deprecating of Mr. Hees's countrywide campaigning on the party's behalf. It is true that he has made some pronouncements on party policy that are somewhat embarrassing, but how could he help it? A politician cannot go around the country and talk only about organization, about fun and games at party meetings; and there is a limit to the number of ways in which the government can be made to seem wicked, even to the opposition faithful, when only last year the electorate gave it a resounding majority. Mr. Hees has had to fill in with some statements of Conservative policy, and if the party had made none officially, what could he do but make them for it?

Minneapolis Tribune: Defence Secretary Charles E. Wilson's press conferences are getting to be collector's items for reporters who like homespun philosophy with their news. Sample Wilsonisms from his last meeting with the press:

"The only thing worse than free speech is not to have it."

"Too many people worship the gods as they are."

"The surest way to stay out of trouble is not to do anything."

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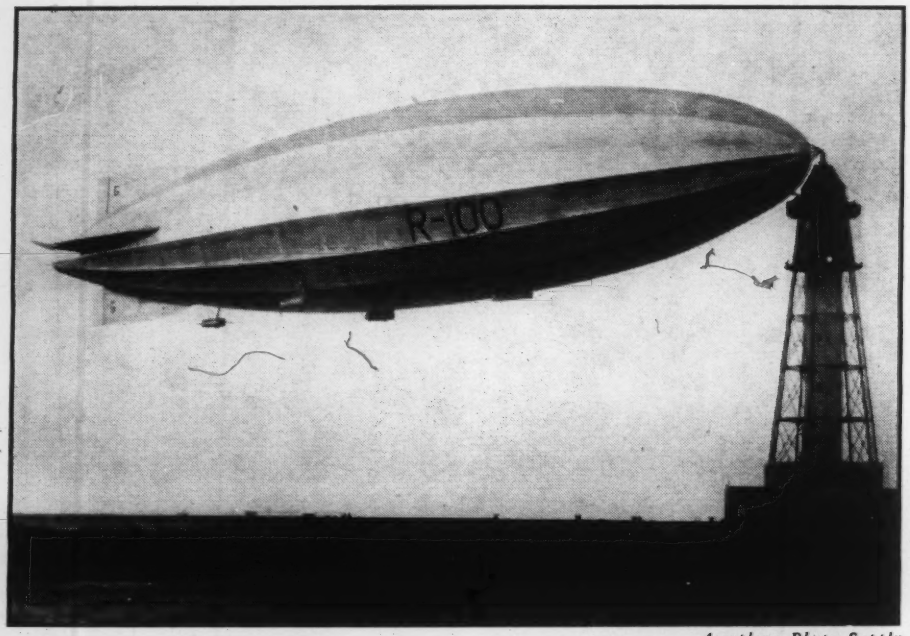

Aeroplane Photo Supply

THE R-100 moored to the tower at St. Hubert's airport, Montreal, at the completion of the crossing of the Atlantic.

Slide Rule: First and Last Transatlantic Flight

By NEVIL SHUTE: PART V

ARRANGEMENTS WERE BEING MADE for the flight of R.100 to Canada with very bad grace.

Looking back upon those days, I have sometimes wondered if we were very rash in taking the Atlantic flight so early in the ship's career. On the whole I do not think we were. R.100 had made seven flights before we started for Canada, but in those flights she had flown over a hundred and fifty hours and had covered seven or eight thousand miles. She had repeatedly been flown at full speed, and she had flown for long periods in very bad weather. We had no reason to anticipate any trouble with the engines, as these were of a well proved aeroplane type.

At the same time, there is no doubt that our Atlantic crossing was dictated by political motives alone, as in the case of the Indian flight of R.101. It is doubtful if any responsible technician would assert that a large and totally experimental aircraft is fit to cross the Atlantic on its eighth flight; the most that he could say would be, as I said, that he knew of nothing that would prevent it doing so in safety. This guarded approval of the project was all that could fairly be given at that stage.

A diary, written during the flight, may tell most of the story from now onwards. For July 29, 1930:

"We slipped at 3.50 a.m., summer time. We have 34.5 tons of petrol on board, which should be ample. At the last moment the ship was light, and we delayed some time in filling up two emergency water bags (½ ton) forward. We slipped with practically full emergency ballast, dropping one bag aft to get the tail up."

We had a very expert meteorologist on board, who later was to lose his life in R.101, and every six hours we took a radio signal consisting of a great number of code groups sent out specially by the Air Ministry for us; from this we made up a fresh isobaric weather plot. An airship is so slow that one never butts into a headwind if it can possibly be avoided, and we altered course repeatedly to go the right way round the depressions and find a favouring wind. That morning we went northwest till we were off the west coast of Scotland and north of Ireland; we then turned westwards and found a beam wind, as forecast.

In R.100 the passenger coach was within the hull about one-third of the ship's length from the bow; large windows in the outer cover permitted quite a good view from the passengers' promenade decks. The control car was immediately beneath the passenger coach, outside the contour of the hull. All three power cars were aft of that, the nearest being about 120 feet aft. The passenger coach and the control car were therefore practically noiseless, and a gramophone was heard as clearly as in a house on land. The walls dividing the cabins were of fabric, so that a man snoring in the next cabin could be a real nuisance at night, so quiet was the ship.

"Thursday, July 31, 2.30 a.m. zone time. We are well inside Newfoundland running up the St. Lawrence River: had asked to be called to help pump petrol. We are still running on 6 engines at 58 knots, but have a head wind and are only making about 36 knots over the ground."

"12.45 p.m. zone time. We have been troubled with leaks in Gasbags 7 and 8 since we started, and 7 has risen to about 3 ft below E longitudinal. So the crew set out to find them, and Hobbs succeeded in getting to and mending 3 holes in Bag 7 and 2 holes in Bag 8."

These holes were on the flat surface of the gasbag, as it might be on the flat end of a cylindrical cheese. If they had been on the sides of the bag it would have been easy to find and repair them. To reach these holes meant a somewhat hazardous climb along the radial wires between the bags, with some danger of being gassed by the hydrogen issuing from the holes. Hydrogen is fairly easily detected, however; it has a peculiar warning of its presence, more of a savour than a smell. I do not think it is toxic; a man gassed by hydrogen recovers quite quickly in clean air. The danger in this case lay in falling, for it was impossible to provide the rigger with any form of safety line.

Throughout the ships the panels of the outer cover were reinforced with T tapes sewn to the fabric, the tapes running in lines three feet apart. These tapes carried eyelets every foot of their length, by which the cover was lashed to the wiring system. About 50 miles from Quebec City we found that the outer cover fabric had blown off the tapes at the base of the port fin.

The hole was in the lower surface of the fin, which was about four feet thick on the average, tapering to less thickness at the outer edge by the backbone girder. The job therefore required the riggers to climb about on wires like tight-rope walkers, with nothing but the waters of the St. Lawrence a thousand feet below. They wore safety belts, with which they could sometimes hitch themselves onto a wire.

A sheet of cotton fabric was carried on board for just such an emergency; it was already provided with tapes and eyelets round the edge and all over it. It was, in fact, a sort of collision mat. I think we had two of them on board; we had a lot more when we started home for England!

Quebec was reached at about 6.00 p.m., a smaller town than I should have thought; people were massed on all the promenades and in the parks to see us. There was a great hooting of sirens.

Luckily our relatively sound fin was towards the town.

The ship then hit a thunderstorm and began to rise rapidly. Elevators were put hard down to keep her down, till she reached an angle of about 20° nose down. In that position she rose rapidly to 4500 ft, the last 1000 ft being covered in 14 seconds. She then steadied and was brought under control in heavy rain. In this rise the ship swung eight points from her course.

Two twelve-foot tears were made in the lower fabric of the starboard fin, which were repaired later. The lights went out and put the ship into complete darkness for ten minutes, adding to the difficulties. It rained so hard that .3 ton of water came into the collector in ten minutes.

I remember the look of that storm very well. It stretched across our path as a bank of clouds apparently about fifteen miles long, slightly bronze in colour and raining underneath. At that time little was known about the violent air currents in and around line squalls; a great deal has been learned since then by brave men soaring in sailplanes. Major Scott was in charge of flying operations, over the captain of the ship. I was in the control car with him before we went up for sherry, and heard him make the decision to go through it rather than fly round it; we had ample fuel and there was no occasion to take the ship, already damaged, through this storm.

Major Scott was in charge of the last flight of R.101, and was killed in her. That flight started in poor weather, and two hours after the start of the flight, six hours before the airship crashed, a very bad forecast was issued to the ship by radio which might well have caused him to decide to turn back to Cardington and start again when the weather had moderated. If I say that I think he showed bad judgment on this previous occasion it is not to blacken the character of a brave and likeable man, but because after twenty-five years it should be possible to write candidly about human frailties in the interests of history.

In the middle of the night, at about two in the morning, the myriad lights of a city showed up ahead of us where Montreal should have been, but in the black sky above these lights, suspended in the night, we saw an enormous fiery cross. I stared at it in consternation till somebody voiced my secret thoughts, and said, "That's not Montreal. That's the New Jerusalem. This is it, boys."

We discovered later that Montreal, being a Roman Catholic city, has a great cross made of steel girders erected on the top of Mount Royal; this is picked out in electric lights. That night it brought a healthy laugh among a lot of very tired men.

We moored to the mast at St. Hubert

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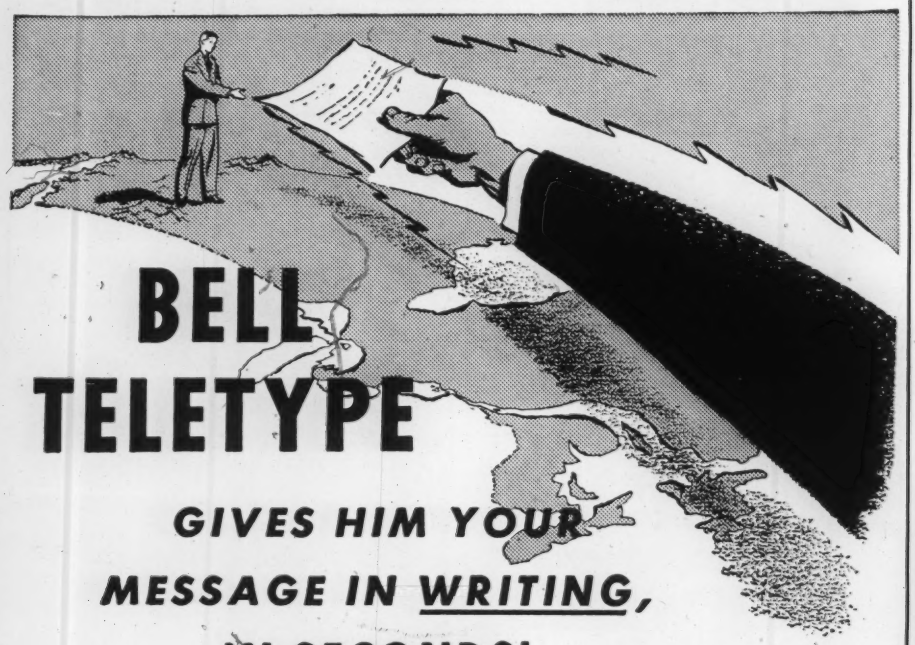

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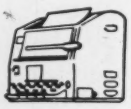

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airport at dawn, seventy-eight hours out from Cardington; we had five tons of fuel left. The great circle distance is about three thousand three hundred land miles so we had averaged about forty-two m.p.h. It must be remembered that at that time only one aeroplane had made a direct flight across the Atlantic from East to West against the prevailing wind, starting from Ireland and crashing on an island off the coast of Newfoundland at the very limit of its fuel, so that our performance, being twice the speed of ship and train from London to Montreal, gave some commercial promise.

The Canadians gave the ship a tremendous welcome. Over a hundred thousand people visited the airport to see the ship each day for several consecutive days;

Miller

Above Montreal, a fiery cross.

the city was placarded with welcoming notices, and they even wrote a song about us with a picture of Booth on the cover of the sheet music.

We stayed in Montreal for twelve days. The defects were all repaired in two or three days, and the ship then made a local flight to Ottawa, Toronto, and Niagara Falls that lasted for twenty-four hours. I stood down from this flight to permit the maximum number of Canadian passengers to be taken.

This trip to Canada was my first visit to the American continent. I had two good friends from my Oxford days living in Montreal, and in my short leisure time there I saw something of the way of life in the Dominion and in the countryside around Lake Magog, where one of my friends, Percy Corbett, was buying a small farm.

The last words I wrote in my diary about Canada were:

"I would never have believed that after a fortnight's stay I should be so sorry to leave a country. I like this place; I like the way they go about things, and their

vitality. The tremendous physical health of everyone. I am going home, and sorry to go; though I am leaving this country for a little time I cannot believe that I am leaving it for good. I have never been in a place that has got hold of me so much as this has done. We are going home, and there will be a great welcome waiting for us at Cardington, but it will not be like the welcome that they gave us here."

The homeward journey to Cardington was uneventful. We left Montreal in the evening in order to have the calmer conditions of night flying over the continental land mass; we had eleven Canadians on board as passengers, mostly journalists.

"Saturday, August 16th. 8:20 a.m. We have had breakfast and passed Avonmouth and Bristol; two aeroplanes came up from Filton and flew beside us for a little while. We are now sliding on over Gloucestershire on a direct course for Cardington. . .

"10:00 a.m. G.M.T. Over Bedford; we have about 3200 gallons of petrol left. 56½ hours from the time we left Montreal. We can see the aerodrome; there are not more than fifty cars in all to see us arrive. We slink in unhonoured and unsung in the English style, rather different to the welcome that we had in Montreal.

"11:00 a.m. Locked home (to the mast). There are now about 200 cars in all. Time of passage, 57½ hours."

So ended the Canadian flight of R.100, and the last flight she ever made; the ship never flew again. She was put back into her shed at Cardington, and the whole effort of that station was devoted to the R.101 in preparation for her flight to India which ended in disaster. After that disaster the airship program in England was abandoned, perhaps rightly in view of the increasing efficiency of the aeroplane. R.100 was broken up and sold for scrap; only a few pieces of her structure now survive as museum curiosities and as memorials to our endeavour.

The success of our Canadian flight undoubtedly was instrumental in bringing about the disaster to R.101. Up to that point it was still possible for the Cardington officials to declare that neither ship was fit for a long flight. But when we came back relatively safe and sound from Canada that last way of escape was closed to them; now they had to fly R.101 to India or admit defeat, accepting discredit and the loss of their jobs. They chose to fly.

This is the fifth of nine excerpts from "Slide Rule: The Autobiography of an Engineer" by Nevil Shute. Copyright 1954 by Nevil Shute. Published by William Morrow and Company, Inc. and George J. McLeod Limited, Toronto. The sixth instalment will appear in next week's issue.

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Films

"Do It Yourself"

By Mary Lowrey Ross

THE ADVENTURES *of Robinson Crusoe* will carry old-fashioned readers straight back to the rainy Saturday afternoons of childhood that the Defoe classic did so much to enliven. The screen version is completely faithful, both in text and spirit, to the original. Even the remembered illustrations are reproduced: Crusoe parading the beach under his fur umbrella; the terrifying ring of dancing cannibals; the castaway bending over that single stupefying footstep in the sand. Even the same old teasing problems turn up. Why, for instance, a fur hat and fur umbrella on a tropical island? And how did Friday manage to leave only *one* footprint behind him on the beach?

For at least half its length *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* is a one-man performance. But the one man (Dan O'Herlihy) performs extremely well and one rather welcomes the comparative solitude after the restless swarming of recent Cinemascopic productions.

The central predicament, certainly, is one to survive any number of centuries. Daniel Defoe not only set the original problem but supplied all the answers. What book, for instance, would you select if you had to be wrecked on a desert island? The Good Book, naturally. Whom would you select as a companion in your isolation? Who but Robinson Crusoe himself, the eloquent and eternal handyman?

A great deal of the satisfaction in both the film version and the original story lies in the practical solutions that Robinson "Do It Yourself" Crusoe works out for his various problems. The building of a shelter and stockade, the growing and milling of wheat to bake bread, the domesticating of wild animals, the manufacture of quite creditable domestic pottery—all these processes are faithfully documented, and together they make a wonderful blend of the wildly incredible and the solemnly plausible. Like the novel itself, the screen Crusoe is a highly practical demonstration of the best possible ways to keep body and soul together under the worst possible circumstances.

The better and fresher parts of *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* lie in the early sequences. Once the screen fills up with cannibals and mutineers we are on more familiar ground. However, Dan O'Herlihy is completely satisfactory throughout. As the desolate castaway, the

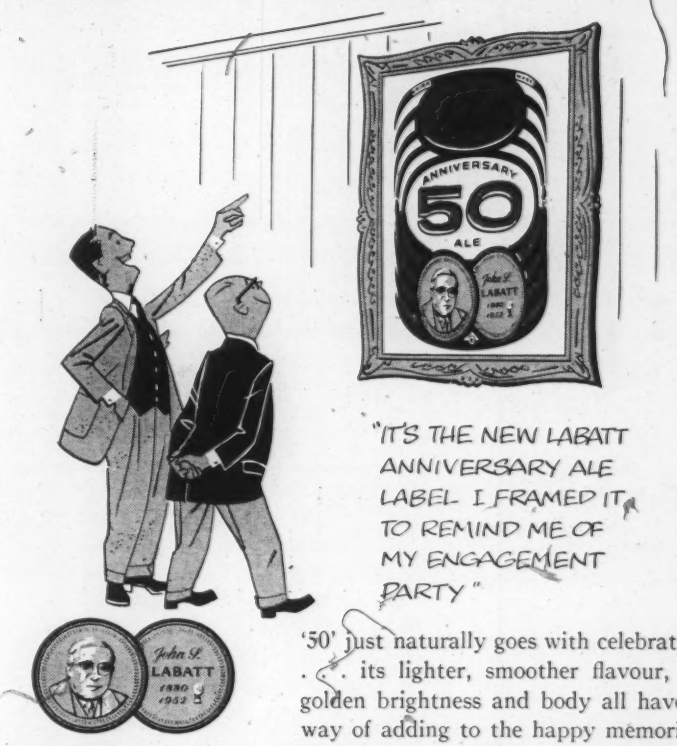
United Artists

DAN O'HERLIHY: Never falls out of character or period.

dauntless improviser, the pious Eighteenth-century moralist and the English gentleman incapable of overlooking the sharper class distinctions even on a desert island, he never falls out of character or period. James Fernandez is lively and emotional, though his performance may strike you as a sort of camp-meeting version of the original Friday role.

The Caine Mutiny opens with a terrific blast of martial music, then dissolves into a twittering romance between a newly graduated naval ensign (Robert Francis) and a nightclub singer (May Wynn). Nothing much of any importance happens until the appearance of Captain Queeg (Humphrey Bogart). However, once Mr. Bogart comes aboard the lugger, the picture is his, and he makes remarkable use of it. The sight of Captain Queeg coming slowly apart at the seams is one of the most fascinating and alarming spectacles of the screen season.

Life aboard a minesweeper, as presented in the movies, can be a pretty routine business, even with bombs bursting in air and gales tearing away the funnels. It is far from routine here, since Author Herman Wouk, who has a sharp and often diverting sense of character, is primarily concerned with the inner stresses that create havoc. The abrupt reversal of sympathy towards the end seemed rather arbitrary, and suggests that someone here was less concerned with character than with a brisk but dubious conclusion. Author Wouk may honestly believe that mere length of tenure justifies psychopathic behavior in a lieutenant-commander. It seems more likely, however, that the final sequence was tacked on as a nasty warning to any ambitious junior officer who might be figuring on mutiny as a short-cut to naval promotion.



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Books

Thomas Hardy: The Village Atheist

By Arnold Edinborough

IT WAS G. K. CHESTERTON who characterized Thomas Hardy as "the village atheist blaspheming over the village idiot". Like many of Chesterton's phrases, it has more than a grain of truth in it. To his Victorian contemporaries Thomas Hardy was a wicked and atheistic man who wrote novels on the most indelicate of subjects. He also had the temerity to say in print that there was no God, or, if there were, he seemed to be having a hard time of it at the hands of the rest of creation. It was all very well for Dostoievski to say that "if only there were a God, it would make things much easier"; but he was Russian and that made a difference.

Even so, Hardy's reputation as a writer has gone through fewer vicissitudes than many another Victorian writer. George Eliot, who shared a somewhat similar outlook to Hardy's, has only just started to be reread again. Meredith and Swinburne, contemporaries of Hardy, are no longer great names to the reading public. And as for the social novels of the period, they are all dead. Mrs. Gaskell nowadays means the person who wrote a life of Charlotte Brontë, not the passionate soul who wrote *Mary Barton*.

This continuing reputation that Hardy has enjoyed is partly due to the fact that he died not so long ago, and that he was as much a post-First World War figure as he was a Victorian. Like Shaw, he is a person who by his life span confutes all those who would divide literature into chronological compartments. (Shaw was born in the same year that Oscar Wilde was, and Hardy was ten before Wordsworth died.)

But the real reason that he is still read is that the problems he concerned himself with are the very ones that concern artists today. The existence of good and evil side by side, the apparent topsy turvydom of "the scheme of things", the disastrous connection between love and cruelty, and the monstrous stupidity of mankind in general—these are the themes of the writers of today as much as they are the themes of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge*.

It follows then that there is room for a good study of Thomas Hardy. An analysis of his ideas and the roots from which they grew should be most timely. It is not without benefit to us, in our present age of indecision, to know that a hundred years ago or less the very same situation seemed to face our grandfathers. The books which set them to thinking have not been superseded; the only difference is that they read them, and we read about them. But Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and Mill's *On Liberty*, together with the lesser works of such men as T. H. Huxley and Herbert Spencer are still the basis of much of the thought that permeates twentieth century literature.

What is the picture that emerges from this new study of Hardy by Evelyn

Jacket illustration
THOMAS HARDY by Augustus John.

Hardy? First, there is the countryman, the man who feels his native heath under his feet and feels his family history as part of the very landscape around him. This is the part of Hardy which transmuted his somewhat gloomy ideas into the poetry that they had to assume to get a hearing. It is this country background and upbringing which gives the breadth and sweep to his novels that they must have if they are to sustain the tremendous happenings of their often contrived plots. It is this solid rooted feeling that gives the quality of universality to his work which causes it so often to be compared with Greek tragedy. Miss Hardy shows this setting well.

Then there is a good deal of emphasis on the emergence of the conviction that the world is a harsh and cruel place where virtue is not always its own reward. Miss Hardy traces, by quoting entries in Hardy's private notebooks, the hardening of his youthful ideas into a set mould of shock and pain at the universe. Never do they settle into a coherent philosophy. Hardy himself says at the end of his life that his so-called philosophy is "nothing more than a confused heap of impressions, like those of a bewildered child at a conjuring show". In the last chapter of this study all that can be shown is what had been shown by Hardy at the beginning of his notebook, that the world is a puzzle, something that, having been created, has got out of hand.

To make her picture, Miss Hardy takes the notebooks as they are printed in Florence Hardy's two volumes of biography; the accounts by Hardy's personal friends such as Edmund Blunden, Vere Collins and, more particularly Sir Sydney Cockerell; some marked books from Hardy's library now preserved in the Dorset County Museum; and the evidence of his own writings.

The method is good. There have been notable books produced about other writers by this method, none more successful than Joan Bennett's picture of George Eliot.

MISS HARDY should have been content to recreate the imaginative growth of her subject from these sources. After all, her book is sub-titled, *A Critical Biography*. But she is not content to do this. She mixes in a lot of other things.

Perhaps the most irritating thing that she does is to attempt to analyse Hardy's prose style. Her method for this is to collect a few of the choicer similes and show how they reflect country traditions or contain classical allusions that Hardy at some time or other had noted elsewhere. If these lists were to add up to showing how a dominant or recurring symbol is used they would be interesting, but they do not. It seems as if they were on a card index and had to be used. The analysis of prose style belongs in another book, not in this one.

There are other irritants that one encounters. First, and most important, there is the style. If anyone sets out to write about a literary figure and to discuss his style (even though irrelevantly) she should be responsive to words and their use. She should not be capable of this:

"This intimate note takes us back to *Under the Greenwood Tree* more swiftly than any printed page, not without meaning, for *The Trumpet Major*, Hardy's seventh novel, is closer to his second than any other of his prose works, with the exception of one or two of his short stories, both in spirit and style."

or this:

"Nevertheless, a warning should be given not to read too much into the

passage in Part VI in which the First Cause is mentioned, together with the magnanimity of humankind who 'hesitate to conceive a dominant power of lower moral quality than their own' (lines which herald the reflections in 'By the Earth's Corpse', 'To the Moon' and other late poems that it is time the Creator ceased creating, or repents that He ever made life, earth and man) since this was added later."

Secondly, if one goes by the wealth of footnotes that are appended, this book is aimed at the scholar as well as the general reader, and scholars are intelligent enough to read and appraise a point in argument without the author constantly putting the meat of her illustrative quotation in italics, stating in the footnote, "Italics mine". This becomes especially irritating when, in the section that deals with poetry, the whole quotation is in italics and the important part is in Roman style (though still the legend at the bottom is "Italics mine").

Again, in a scholarly book a good deal more care must be taken with the identification of sources and in the index, which is inadequate.

But, above all, whether the book is aimed at the general reader or the specialist, the lack of organization in the writing becomes tedious. And at least twenty-eight errors in proof reading show the lack of care with which this book has been seen through the press.

This is a pity, because in writing of *The Dynasts,* and the lyric poetry, Miss Hardy has something to say worth listening to. In writing of the relationship between Hardy and his first wife she is good. But the rest of the book, which is by far the larger part, is disappointing. Miss Hardy misses a splendid opportunity. One takes up the book hoping for *Moments of Vision,* and the reading of it merely proves to be one of *Life's Little Ironies.* (Italics not mine.)

THOMAS HARDY: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY — by Evelyn Hardy — pp. 334 and an inadequate index, some illustrations — *Clarke, Irwin* — *$5.25.*

Aspiration

I want to plumb my thoughts with leaden
doubt
And search the reefs of superstition out;
I want to hurl conjecture to the skies
Of vast, unformed, and limitless surmise,
And chart ideas, starred against the night
Of ignorance with cold and questioning
light.
I want a roving spirit free to find
The undiscovered beauties of the mind,
And curiosity to plot the curve
Of endless spirals with an endless verve.

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Saskatoon Star-Phoenix

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ALUMINIUM LIMITED

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

—

Record Date

A special General Meeting of the Shareholders of Aluminium Limited will be held on Tuesday, November 23rd, 1954, at 11:00 o'clock in the morning, at the Head Office of the Company, 21st Floor, Sun Life Building, 1155 Metcalfe Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, pursuant to the call of the Board of Directors, for the purpose of considering and, if thought fit, approving Special By-law No. 21 to increase the capital of the Company from 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 shares without nominal or par value. Only shareholders of record at the close of business on October 27th, 1954, will be entitled to receive notice of and to vote at the meeting and at any adjournment thereof.

Montreal JAMES A. DULLEA
October 27th, 1954 Secretary

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and
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Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

THE SELF-MATE problem by B. Hartley, published last week, is a brilliant example of the white Queen sparring with the black Rooks. Solution.

Key-move 1.R-R9, waiting. 1.R-R8, K-Kt4; 2.QxRch, K any; 3.R-R8ch, etc. 1.R-R8, R-R5; 2.QxR(4)ch, R-Kt4; 3.R-QKt8, etc. 1.R-R8, R-Kt3; 2.Q-R4ch, R-Kt4; 3.RxPch, etc. 1.R-R8, R-Kt4; 2.RxPch, R-B4; 3.RxRch, etc. 1.R-R8, R-Kt6; 2.Q-R6ch, R-Kt3; 3.RxPch, etc.

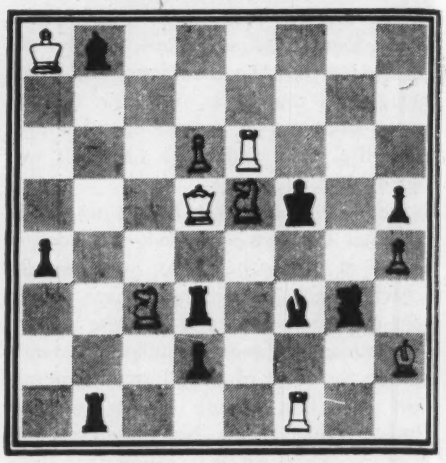
The set continuation after K-Kt4 is 2.BxBPch and 3.R-B5ch, etc.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 90.

Key-move 1.R-QB2, threatening 2.PxQ mate. If Q-Q6; 2.Kt-Kt5 mate. If Q-B4; 2.Q-Kt3 mate. If Q-R5 or QxR; 2.P-Kt3 mate. If QxB 2.P-Kt4 mate. If Q-B6; 2.PxQ mate.

PROBLEM NO. 91, by A. Ellerman.

Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

• •

Ring the Changes

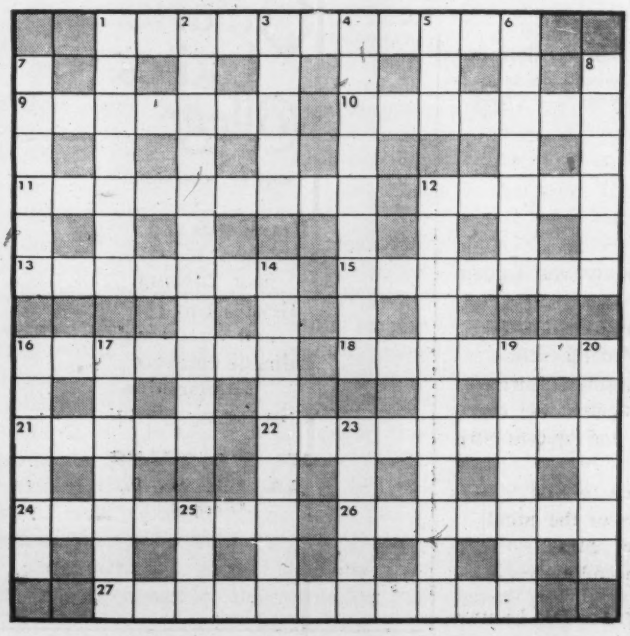
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Our last toy? (5,6)
9. Sister country of Chile? (7)
10. The arm lets them slip over. (7)
11. To finish dinner, perhaps, the cat swallows a parliamentarian. (9)
12. It's nothing to the relative speed of one who does, so to speak. (5)
13. Result of pardon pleas. Snap out of it and reform. (7)
15. They may not have such a melting quality in 9. (7)
16. It takes the last of a liqueur to give cacao a kick. (7)
18. A cup for the mounties to get down? (7)
21. In these parts French words don't include father. (5)
22. Fourteen of this watched over the children in 27's opera. (9)
24. Three little kittens lost them tail first, (and were, no doubt!) (7)
26. See, it's off to a record start. (7)
27. Write his name in red ink, chump! (11)

DOWN

1. Because at least one of his patients was one, Freud first probed the subconcious. (7)
2. Do these a.m. calls rock you back to sleep? They shouldn't! (5,6)
3. This hog is anything but spineless. (5)
4. They'll be the death of you, Ferdinand! (9)
5. 25. Sounds repetitive in The Jack Pine's creator. Can you beat it! (6)
6. You can't roll it when it's glass—unless you're playing marbles. (7)
7. Sounds like a vessel for the yokel. Pardon me! (6)
8. Stares into the garden. (6)
12. Forming a liaison with a grin was how it started? (8,3)
14. Will facilitate your entrance when well oiled. (4,5)
16. REINCASS. (6)
17. The Queen put her foot down on one of his habits. (7)
19. Again the shepherd's plaid. (7)
20. Raising the cap, perhaps. (6)
23. All is, when the 1A is heard. (5)
25. See 5.



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 12. The Pajama Game
6. Maybe
10. See 29
11. Matin
12. See 1
13. See 29
14. Decor
16. Graces
17, 32. Show Boat
18. Ute
20. See 29
22. Poor
24. Trench
27. See 30
28. Mountains
30, 9, 27. Guys and Dolls
31. He'di 32. See 17
33. Te th 34. Brigadoon

DOWN

2. Hoosier 3. See 29
4. Jam session
5. Motions 7. Angles
8. Bumboat 9. See 30
15. Portending
19. Bedaubed
21. Evolute 23. Roomier
25. Centavo 26. Closet
29, 13, 3. The Pirates of Penzance
29, 20, 10. The New Moon

Business

Tests Add Safety Factor For Insurance Buyers

By WILLIAM SCLATER

NEAR some 12 miles north-east of Toronto, on a wooded, four-acre industrial site in Scarborough, stands a new, L-shaped building of reinforced concrete and masonry with a strong, square-built tower.

Into this tower such things as hot steel safes are dropped after being subjected to great heat in a furnace. Then they are opened and the contents — wills, securities, money and other valuables that people keep in safes — are inspected. If they have come through the ordeal unscathed, the manufacturer will be furnished with a label on which is printed: "Underwriters' Laboratories of Canada — Inspected".

Underwriters' Laboratories of Canada operates under its own Canadian charter, but is sponsored by the Dominion Board of Insurance Underwriters. Founded as a Canadian body in 1950, it had grown from a dependent affiliate of the Underwriters' Laboratories of Chicago, whose facilities were used by the CUA. It is now independent, though close contact is maintained with the British and American Underwriters' Laboratories. Its purpose is to reduce losses in life and property resulting from fire, accident and burglary. Investigations are based on voluntary submittals of devices, systems and materials having a direct or indirect relation to these hazards. There is no control over the sale, installation or use of listed or unlisted equipment. The extent of recognition accorded the Underwriters' Inspection labels rests entirely with municipal and provincial inspection authorities.

One section of the building in Scarborough contains a row of low-pressure boilers. Here gas and oil burners, stoves and ranges are subjected to rigorous test and inspection for days and weeks under varying conditions of temperature and fuels.

A great many manufactured products find their way to the laboratories. A long, low furnace provides the tests for fire hazards required for fire-resistant wall coverings, fireproofed lumber, insulating materials and fire-retardant paints. There is a rain room where many kinds of rain, from light drizzles to tropical downpours, are applied to roofing and other materials designed to show resistance to rain penetration in varying degrees.

A housewife would be interested to know that a manufacturer has submitted a floor wax to the chemical laboratory for testing against the hazard of slipperiness and that cleaning-fluids are checked here for flash point and classification of hazard. So is dry-cleaning equipment. Another machine is making endurance tests on gasoline hose by pulling it on and off a reel with the same stress and strain it receives in a gas-pump operation.

Intense cold can do strange things to metals and materials. In this laboratory there is a refrigeration chamber which can reduce temperature to –65° F. Rubber hose, asbestos pipe and anti-freeze extinguisher liquids are some of the things tested here.

The big square tower, with its uninterrupted reach to the roof and the controlled ventilation built into it, provides an ideal testing place for fire extinguishers. A gasoline flame roars aloft from a trough. A tester sprays it with a carbon dioxide compound from a hand extinguisher and the flame dies as if it were smothered by a giant hand.

Metal and other types of prefabricated chimneys are other modern innovations submitted by their manufacturers for testing. They provide a cheaper installation than a brick chimney, but as fire can be a dangerous servant and in a home there is always human life at stake, they must be thoroughly tested. The inner flue may be of porcelain-coated steel. There may be a middle and an outer lining and the exterior portion may be of sheet aluminum but every section will be proved under more severe conditions than would be called for in normal service. Even the weather-hood on the aluminum chimney to divert the rain will be part of the test. If you ever install one of these chimneys in your home and it carries the label of approval of Underwriters' Laboratories of Canada, you'll know you have nothing to fear from it as a fire hazard. You can rely on the product.

Basement tanks and underground storage tanks are becoming common in Canada. They are also a potential source of hazard. Here, too, the Underwriters' Laboratories do a real public service. The rating a tank receives is determined by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Nott

Unlined fire hose undergoing a test at the Underwriters' Laboratories of Canada.

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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Imperial Varnish

"I HOLD *a small number of shares of Imperial Varnish & Color at a cost to me of $20 per share. In view of the expansion plans of other major paint producers, would it be advisable to retain this investment?—M. K., Toronto.*

The balance sheets of this company from 1947 show that despite the increased competition in the paint field, net operating income has been well maintained, with 1953 results showing income of $495,116 and a net profit of $201,793.

The technology of paint-making has been changing rapidly over the past few years, with the traditional oil base giving way, first, to the water-thinned Latex paints and these in turn giving ground to the synthetic resin-type of finish known as Alkyd for interior use and to paints made from the same basic materials as some types of plastics for outdoor use.

In the race to develop new products, the big companies have a decided advantage over small companies such as Imperial. While, at the present price of 22, the current dividend rate of $1.20 provides a yield of 5.5 per cent, we are inclined to the view that the longer term prospects do not warrant your continuing to hold this stock.

North Canadian Oil

"WOULD YOU *please advise regarding North Canadian Oils as a buy. It has been highly recommended to me by a friend.—D. R. P., Montreal.*

This company is a small oil company which has branched out to include coal and paper. At last report the company had oil reserves in the Dina and Armena areas of 309,000 and 1,750,500 barrels and reported oil production from the wells in these fields in the 16 months ended March 31, 1954, of 224,790 barrels, having a gross value of $507,930.

The speculative interest in this company has been inspired fully by the interest in its wholly-owned subsidiary, Northwestern Pulp & Power Company. This company has entered into a partnership with St. Regis Paper Company to build a mill in Alberta for the production of bleached sulphate pulp, which is used in the production of pulp, kraft board and multi-wall paper bags.

The timberlands, of some 4,000 square miles, are sufficient to provide pulpwood for a long period ahead and another subsidiary, Bryan Mountain Coal Company,

has contracted to supply the fuel requirements of the mill for a period of 15 years.

The present plans call for an initial production of 300 tons of pulp daily, which St. Regis, as one of the largest paper companies in the United States, can market. St. Regis will also supply the management for the operation of the mill and financing is to be shared between the two companies. North Canadian is entitled to 50 per cent of the net earnings of the paper company and has indicated that a portion of this will be used to continue oil exploration and development.

The news of this venture has developed a considerable interest in the stock of North Canadian and speculative interest has lifted it from the low of $1.60 to a high of $5.65 from which, at the time of writing, it has retreated to the present price of $4.35.

Although, over the long pull, the company shows some interesting growth prospects, the present term market indications warrant the conclusion that the stock could retreat considerably more from its high and at the present time, from an investment point of view, it appears a rather uninteresting proposition.

Yukeno Mines

W WOULD YOU PLEASE *give me some information on Yukeno Mines. I have purchased same at $1.30, 1.05, .95 and .19. Now it is 12. Is all hope gone?—A. C., Ottawa.*

The last real data on this company appeared in June of this year when the company reported assets of $124,500, cash and loan, 440,000 shares of Mackeno and $82,875 other current assets against current liabilities of $73,500.

If the 4,795,166 shares outstanding are divided into the sum of $207,375 expressed by these figures, the results can be shown in a dismal decimal per share; the property, on the inactive list, is worth exactly nothing unless something can be produced from it.

With hardly any of the 5-million-share capitalization left in the treasury, and the glow of the great base metal boom inspired by the almost forgotten Korean War long extinguished, the possibility of any promoter taking options on such a "top heavy" proposition seems most remote. Your position is a good example of the folly of averaging down in a speculative stock. All that really happens is that the amount of money at risk increases, while the quality of the risk is obviously decreasing.

Promotion stocks are pushed up. They fall of their own weight until a level is reached that has a reasonable reflection of their real value—which, in the final analysis, is what each share can earn and pay in dividends.

About the only hope of a modest im-

A Service for Investors

The November 1954 edition of our booklet "Canadian Government and Municipal Financial Statistics" is a convenient summary of the financial position of Canada, its ten provinces and sixteen of its largest cities.

The booklet contains for each government concerned a detailed financial statement based on the latest available data, together with a summary of statistics for the past ten years. Statements comparing the statistics of the provinces and of the cities are also given.

Copies of this booklet are available, and will be forwarded promptly on request to any of our offices.

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provement in the price of this stock is a large, and surprising, improvement in the prices of lead and zinc that would permit the resumption of operations. Barring that, it is just another promotion stock that has had its day.

Quebec Manitou

I WOULD *very much appreciate your opinion on Quebec Manitou. I hold 500 shares purchased at 65 cents.—R. M. B., Montreal.*

This company holds two base metal prospects; one is located near Golden Manitou Mines and the other in the State of New Hampshire in the United States. Diamond drilling was conducted on both properties but no evidence has appeared to prove them to be of commercial consideration.

The main holding of this company is 1,240,000 shares of Golden Manitou and $475,000 of Barvue bonds. While, at current market prices, this represents a portfolio worth approximately $1.20 per share, the stocks of companies holding blocks of other companies such as these invariably sell at a considerable discount to the market value, for liquidation of such a large holding would depress market prices to a considerable degree.

The present quotation of 80 cents seems a fair estimate of the outlook for Quebec Manitou, for without favorable news and market action from Golden Manitou, it seems unlikely that much activity will be generated in the stock.

Judging by the present market action and position of the key stocks held in the portfolio, it would seem more advisable to take the small profit you have available than hold on in the hopes of a recovery in the price.

Steep Rock

STEEP ROCK *has been suggested to me as a long-term growth stock with excellent possibilities. Would you recommend purchase at the present price? — T. C. P., Montreal.*

When we last reviewed this stock (May 15) it was noted that the demand for iron ore was likely to continue downward in view of operations under 70 per cent of capacity foreseeable in the steel industry then.

The high stocks on hand at mills and receiving docks along the Great Lakes, which at April 1 were approximately five months' supply, and the low operating rate forced a considerable reduction in the shipment of ore on the Great Lakes. The latest U.S. figures available show that ore shipments to August 9 declined approximately 19 million tons, from the 54,625,524 tons shipped in 1953 to 35,829,170 tons this year and Canadian figures show a similar decline, with 1,756,047 tons being shipped against 2,425,494 tons for the first six months of 1953.

Major United States steel producers are also bringing in larger amounts of rich ore from South America.

The chart pattern of Steep Rock has reflected this. From the high of $8.65, the price has retreated to $6.75 at the time of writing, and appears to be headed lower to a possible test of the 1953 low of $5.80.

This level of support near $5.80 proved to be a buying spot in both 1952 and 1953 for a broad advance, and considering the long-term prospects of the company, it would appear to be the correct point to make purchases for your purpose.

In Brief

A FEW YEARS *ago I bought Bibis Yukon at $1.00 per share. Since then the stock seems to be worth practically nothing. Would you advise holding it?—G. W. H., London, Ont.*

At nine cents, what's left to lose?

I HAVE *shares in Ram River Oils, purchased in 1946 at $1.05. What do you think of its future; if any?—J. C. C., Galt, Ont.*

"If any" seems to be the right phrase.

I HAVE *shares in McMarmac Red Lake which I bought at 30 cents. Should I sell or keep them at the present price, 13½ cents?—A. E. H., Toronto.*

Might as well hold and hope the drilling on the Blind River property produces some news.

I HAVE *shares of Dyno Mines at $1.35. Would you comment?—F. J. P., Kemptville, Ont.*

Looks like a sale on my chart.

I HOLD *Fundy Bay Copper Mines at 18 cents. What are its chances of success? Should I hold or get out?—H. D., Chipman, NB.*

You hold. No bid in sight.

I PURCHASED *shares of Nubar at 38 cents. It is now called Tandem and selling for nine cents. Should I sell?—J. M. R., Mimico, Ont.*

Might as well. From appearances, that tandem needs four-wheel drive.

COULD YOU *give me some information on Pacemaker Mines and Oils?—A. J. G., Fredericton, NB.*

No news for months. Maybe Pacemaker ran off the track.

SOME YEARS AGO, *I bought Bralorne at $16. In your estimation, is there any possibility of an upswing in the future?—J. E. N., Ottawa.*

Not visible.

ARE SHARES *of Split Lake Gold Mines of any value?—N. E. H., Vancouver.*

Just as wallpaper.

CAN YOU *tell me anything about Wainwell Oils?—C. V., Winnipeg.*

Should have been called drywell.

Advertising

Warm Argument

By John Carlton

ADVERTISING is an informative activity of proved value to the public. With the coal-, oil- and gas-heating men lining up for their share of the householder's dollar, it can also be confusing. "For more heat at less cost buy 'blue coal' ", urges the Elias Rogers Company. Dominion Coal and Wood Company varies the slogan slightly with "Coal heat costs less —gives more". "The coal all Canada's talking about" is a Sterling Hudson coal, cleaner to handle, cleaner to burn, and it burns longer, yet "costs no more than ordinary anthracite". Toronto Fuels Limited is silent about the merits of its fuels—coal or oil—but gets right down to business with a consumer contest offering $2,000 in cash prizes.

Shell Oil Company of Canada goes to some trouble to explain "Here's how you can be sure of trouble-free oil heat," its own product having the mystic name of FOA-5X. No other oil fuel has this impressive title. "Go modern, go oil heat" is the Oil Heating Association's suggestion.

Consumers' Gas plugs natural gas as the modern, inexpensive fuel that heats cleanly and economically. Cathmair Corporation makes a similar claim for this new fuel, asking, "Why shovel coal this winter?" An offer is extended to clear any bin of coal and apply it to the account. Iron Fireman offers all information—on request—about natural gas as used in that type of furnace so named when coal was king.

Pea Knife

Instead of considering it a reprehensible practice to eat green peas with a knife, Winston Eagen, advertising manager, Green Giant of Canada, Ltd., has gone all out to encourage the habit. Mr. Eagen has mailed to the trade a handsome brochure entitled "Get hep to the latest fashion in peas".

After three years' experimentation and mental sweat, Green Giant has produced a pea knife made of plastic. A sample of the gadget—the size of a table knife—is attached to the brochure. A cut-out embossed figure of the Giant forms the handle and the blade has a row of seven indentations to hold as many peas without mishap between the plate and the mouth. Mr. Eagen's suspicion that the pea knife will be used as a paper cutter is undoubtedly correct.

Cherry Heering

Denmark's liqueur delight since 1818

By Appointment
Purveyor to Their Majesties King Frederik IX, The Late King Georg VI
King Gustaf VI Adolf and The Queen of the Netherlands
ESTABLISHED 1818
25 Fl. Oz. Gold & 1st Class Medals
CHERRY
HEERING
PRODUCE OF DENMARK
24.7% PETER F. HEERING COPENHAGEN

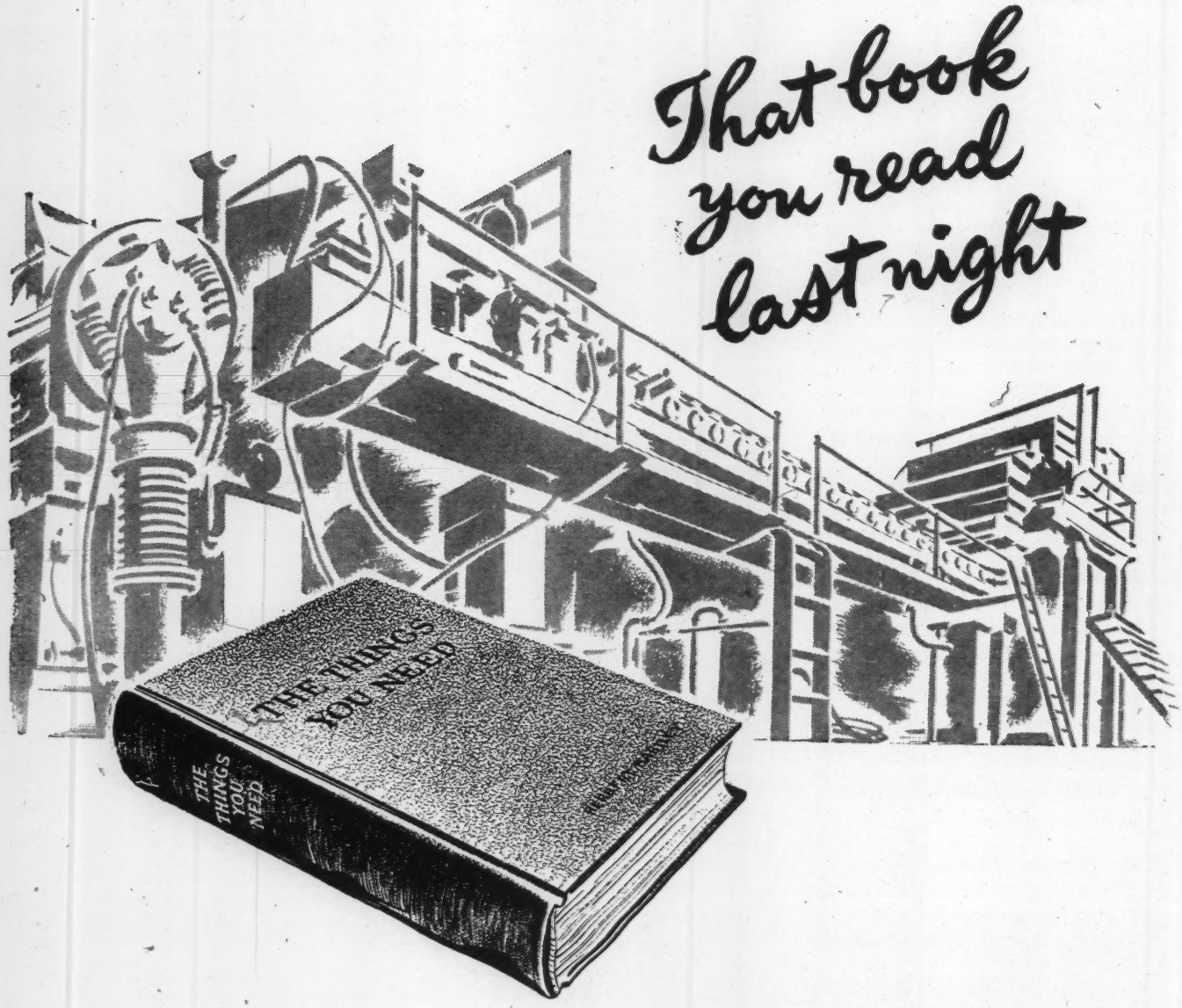
All your guests will enjoy it—anytime!

"MY BANK"
TO 2 MILLION CANADIANS
B of M
CANADA'S FIRST BANK

BANK OF MONTREAL
WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817
AD102

MAKING THE THINGS THAT MAKE THE THINGS YOU NEED

That book you read last night



gives you a real interest in CANADIAN VICKERS

Books, bags, blotters, business forms, bank books... these are just a few of the things made of paper which you use in your daily life. And the paper you use gives you a real interest in Canadian Vickers—because Canadian Vickers builds machines that make paper... all kinds of paper.

Fourdriniers, Flow Control Units, Selective Drives, Bertrams Shakes... all the machinery used in paper making... all designed to produce better paper at higher speeds and at lower cost, so that you and every Canadian enjoys a full supply of high quality papers at lower prices.

Canadian Vickers is a great Canadian engineering organization which designs and builds Ships, Industrial Boilers, Mining Equipment, Chemical Process Equipment and machines that make every manufactured thing you need.

CANADIAN VICKERS LIMITED MONTREAL

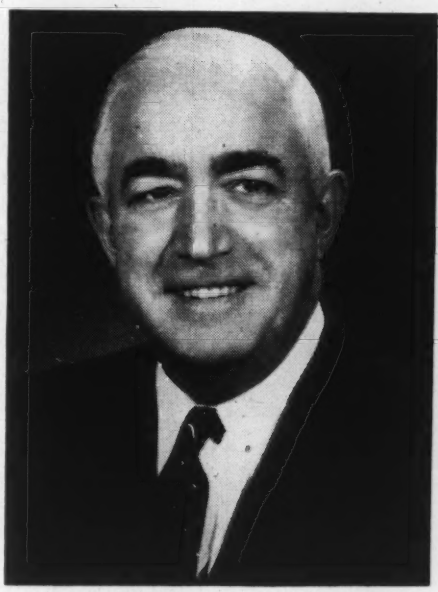
IF INDUSTRY NEEDS IT...CANADIAN VICKERS BUILDS IT...**BETTER**

Who's Who in Business

"Salesman's Best Friend"

By John Irwin

"SELL YOURSELF first, last and always." Leo Wilfred Vezina, president and general manager of H. Corby Distillery, Montreal, has followed that maxim, from boyhood when, due to his mother's widowhood, he began work at an early age. By persistent effort over the years in a variety of jobs, "all selling", he has acquired an enviable reputation as a business executive, recognized not only in Canada but throughout the United States, England and Scotland.



Howard Studios

LEO W. VEZINA

Born at Worcester, Mass., in 1894, of French-Canadian and American-Irish parents, his first job was as cash boy in a department store, at $2.50 a week. He studied at night school and gravitated from job to job as grocery clerk, postal employee, railway accountant and clothing salesman until at 21 he was branch manager of a large credit clothing and furniture store. A year later he went to Montreal "to get a better job and within a couple of days I had *l'embarras du choix*—a choice of three jobs". He took one at $20 a week "to save me from starvation". Three months later he joined H. J. Heinz Co., as a salesman, later becoming sales supervisor.

He returned to Massachusetts in 1924 and bought a barber's supply and cosmetic manufacturing company "but I overlooked the fact that the prohibition era had brought on abuses in this field". After two years trying to do legitimate business, he abandoned his company. This was a turning point in his career. He joined the Palmolive Company as sales supervisor for New England. "I guess I was a good salesman," he says, "for shortly afterwards I was offered, and accepted, the position of sales manager for the Kendall Manufacturing Company of Providence, Rhode Island." This lasted two years, when he went on a short holiday to Montreal. There he became sales manager for the Borden Company. "I was happy to be back in my old haunts and with my old friends." In 1930, on the merger of several large biscuit manufacturers, the Canada Biscuit Company lured him to the Perrin Biscuit Company of London, Ont., as manager.

He returned to Montreal in 1931 as director in charge of sales and advertising with W. Clark Ltd., food processors. During the succeeding 11 years he reorganized their overseas business in Britain, established new sales policies, built up a country-wide sales force and created new products.

In December, 1952, he resigned from the Clark company to become director and assistant manager of Canadian Industrial Alcohol Company, at that time the parent company of Corby Distilleries. He was appointed vice-president and general manager in 1949 and chief executive on September 22 this year.

An ardent worker in, and vigorous supporter of, sales organizations, Mr. Vezina serves as international director and vice-chairman of the National Federation of Sales Executives, which has a membership of 24,000 sales managers in the Americas, Europe and the Antipodes. He is also a director of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the Montreal Tourist and Convention Bureau, a member of the Montreal Board of Trade, the Chambre de Commerce de Montréal, and vice-president of Reddy Memorial Hospital in Westmount, Que.

He lives the year round in a country house at Ste. Marguerite Station, Que. He likes open air sports such as golf, fishing and hunting for recreation. Thoroughly bilingual, with a pleasant personality and a relaxed manner, he is in popular demand as "an inspirational" speaker. He has the knack of knowing how to impress his audience and has been named, rightly perhaps, the "salesman's best friend".

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 269 and Bonus

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of THIRTY-SEVEN AND ONE-HALF CENTS per share for the current quarter and a bonus of TEN CENTS per share for the year ending November 30, 1954 upon the outstanding capital stock of this bank be and the same are hereby declared payable at the bank and its branches on and after WEDNESDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF DECEMBER, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1954, shares not fully paid for by the 2ND DAY OF AUGUST, 1954 and shares not subscribed for until after that date to rank for the purpose of the said dividend to the extent of the payments made on the said shares and from the dates of the respective payments.

T. H. ATKINSON,
General Manager

Montreal, Que., October 19, 1954

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share on the Series "A" 4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares and a dividend of fifty-six and one quarter cents (56¼c) on the Series "B" 4½% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending December 31, 1954, payable January 3, 1955, to shareholders of record December 2, 1954.

By Order of the Board.

R. R. MERIFIELD,
Secretary.

Montreal, October 25, 1954.

Sibbaswood Dairies, Limited

Class "A" Dividend No. 33

Notice is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of Fifteen cents (15c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "A" Shares of the Company, payable January 3rd, 1955, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on November 30th, 1954.

Class "B" Dividend No. 29

Notice is also given that the regular quarterly dividend of Fifteen cents (15c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "B" Shares of the Company, payable January 3rd, 1955 to shareholders of record November 30th, 1954.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,
L. R. GRAY
Secretary.

London, Ontario.
October 25th, 1954

NEW GATEWAYS FOR CANADA!

Building new trade gateways for Canada is another job for Mannix. Typical of marine work by Mannix is the Baie Comeau Wharf on the St. Lawrence — one of the mightiest steel sheet piling jobs ever undertaken in Canada.

When You Want The Job Done--Make It Mannix!

MONTREAL
TORONTO
WINNIPEG

MANNIX LTD.

EDMONTON
CALGARY
VANCOUVER

Safety Tests

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

the gauge of steel used, the quality of the welding and the number and size of openings. Cast iron pipe to be laid underground is also tested and the contractor learns just how much water pressure and weight of surface load it will safely bear without collapsing.

Here are steel door frames that will not bend and jam doors shut when fire strikes. There are special fire doors, too, that close automatically in case of fire. These are part of the fittings of this building. Other types of doors are tested here to determine their fire-retarding qualities, too. Some are solid and others are filled with insulating material which may give them a rate of exposure of an hour or more, depending upon what the tests reveal.

Fire alarm systems, sprinklers of dubious efficiency after years of service, fire extinguishers, fire escapes, fuel tanks for trailer trucks, upholstery material, underbody coating for autos are all among the thousand and one things in everyday use which are sent here for inspection.

When the insurance buyer finds that he can make an appreciable saving on his premium by installing fire extinguishers or insisting on approved fireproof construction, and that he has to pay more when combustible materials are installed in vulnerable places, he is encouraged to consider all the advantages of removing fire hazards.

The purpose of this establishment is to maintain laboratories and an inspection service "for the examination and testing of appliances and devices and to enter into contracts with the owners and manufacturer of such appliances, and devices, respecting the recommendation thereof to insurance organizations and others". So says the official charter.

What actually happens in practice is that manufacturers who wish to have the label of Underwriters' Laboratories of Canada on their products submit plans and, if necessary, samples. If these pass the specified tests, then a label is furnished to the manufacturer to be applied to the product under the supervision of the Underwriters' Laboratories. Should it ever be found to fall short of the specifications called for, the product must be re-tested before the label is allowed to be used again. Where samples cannot be submitted, laboratory engineers will conduct their tests at the manufacturer's factory.

The first Canadian label appeared in 1920. This year this first section of a further half million dollar investment in Head Office and Testing Laboratories is visible in the square-towered building outside Toronto, contributed as a public service by the Dominion Board of Insurance Underwriters.

These successful firms improved their accounting with

BURROUGHS SENSIMATIC

accounting machines

CHARTERED TRUST COMPANY

The Chartered Trust Company of Toronto, leader in service and security, reports: "In our transfer department, ledger posting has been rapidly and accurately accomplished by the Burroughs Sensimatic, providing a neat record of shareholders' accounts."

Gossard FOUNDATION GARMENTS

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited, famous manufacturer of foundation garments, says: "We are well satisfied with our Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machine. It supplies us with neater records, more quickly prepared, without complicated operations."

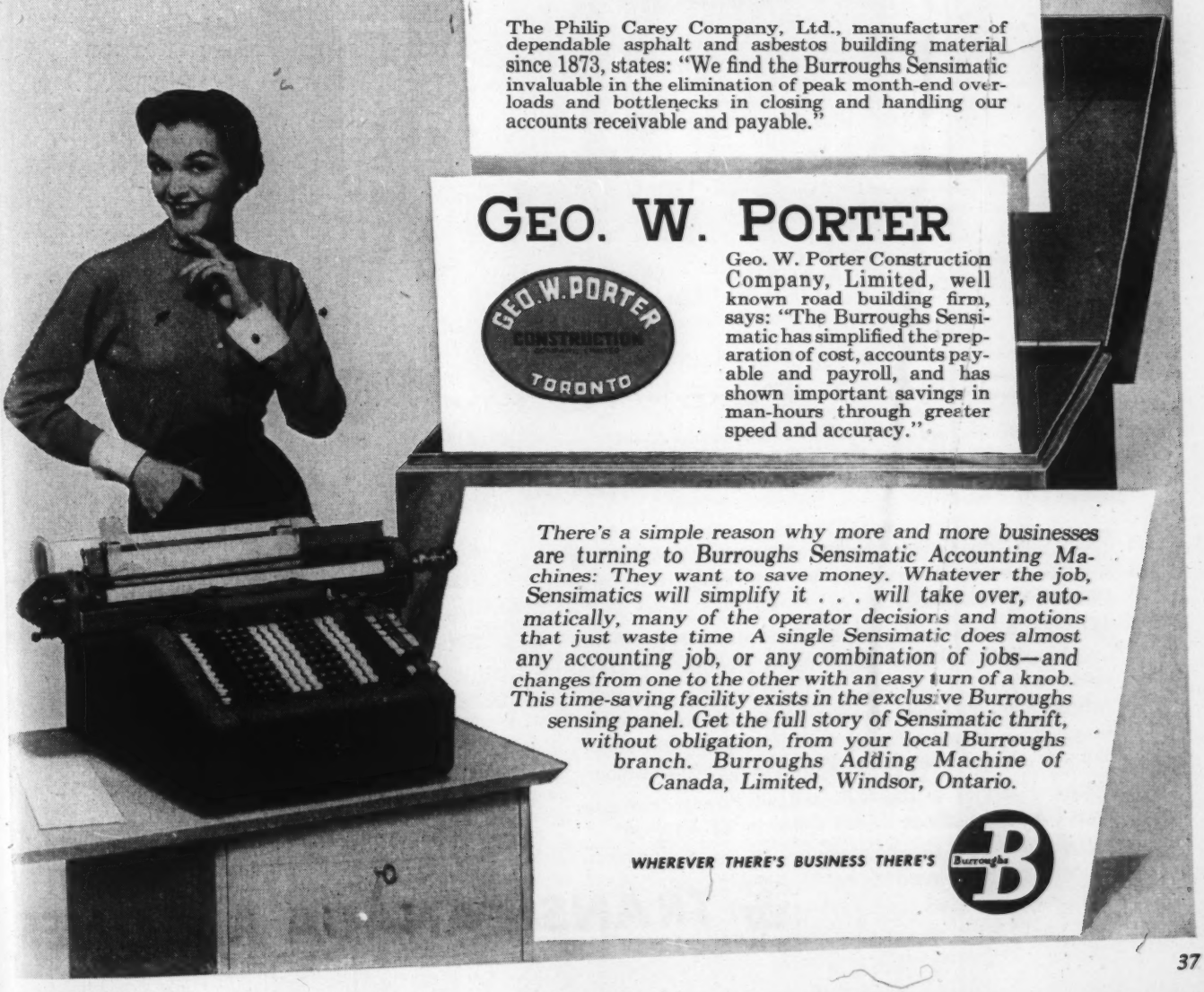
Carey ESTABLISHED 1873

The Philip Carey Company, Ltd., manufacturer of dependable asphalt and asbestos building material since 1873, states: "We find the Burroughs Sensimatic invaluable in the elimination of peak month-end overloads and bottlenecks in closing and handling our accounts receivable and payable."

GEO. W. PORTER

GEO. W. PORTER CONSTRUCTION TORONTO

Geo. W. Porter Construction Company, Limited, well known road building firm, says: "The Burroughs Sensimatic has simplified the preparation of cost, accounts payable and payroll, and has shown important savings in man-hours through greater speed and accuracy."



There's a simple reason why more and more businesses are turning to Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machines: They want to save money. Whatever the job, Sensimatics will simplify it . . . will take over, automatically, many of the operator decisions and motions that just waste time A single Sensimatic does almost any accounting job, or any combination of jobs—and changes from one to the other with an easy turn of a knob. This time-saving facility exists in the exclusive Burroughs sensing panel. Get the full story of Sensimatic thrift, without obligation, from your local Burroughs branch. Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S Burroughs B

FLY TO EUROPE NOW

...LOW off-season FARES

FREQUENT FLIGHTS BY TCA

SUPER Constellation

There's no time like the present...for your trip to Europe. For this is the thrift season. Low off-season fares give you substantial savings.

There are frequent flights with service direct from Toronto and Montreal and every flight offers a choice of accommodations: **First Class** . . . real luxury with continental cuisine, a lounge where you can linger over your favourite beverage — deep, reclining "siesta" seats. And there's **Tourist Class**, where you enjoy comfort with economy.

Frequent service to the U.K. and all Europe. *See your Travel Agent, Railway Ticket Office or TCA Office.*

HERE'S A SAMPLE OF HOW YOU SAVE
Montreal to Glasgow

FIRST CLASS	— $660.60	round trip on season
	$584.20	round trip off season
YOU SAVE	$ 76.40	
TOURIST	— $482.40	round trip on season
	$386.70	round trip off season
YOU SAVE	$ 95.70	

ASK ABOUT ALL-EXPENSE AIR CRUISES TO EUROPE.

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

women

Newton

WOOL EVENING GOWN *in black broadcloth, with a large sequin-spangled satin bow at the hipline. It is by Lise Gaulin, of Ottawa, one of Canada's youngest designers and the latest to join the new Association of Canadian Couturiers. The gown was shown in the recent Ottawa presentation by the group. For further information about the Association, see page 40.*

Conversation Pieces:

THIS IS THE TIME of year when the weather prophets tend to get their signals crossed.
One school of seers claims that a heavy crop of mountain ash berries means a hard winter. Another group holds that prevalence of tent caterpillars indicates a mild season. Our case, of course, may be special, but this year our mountain ash bore a heavy load of bloom followed immediately by a still heavier crop of tent caterpillars. Now we don't know whether to invest in toeless sandals or lambskin-lined galoshes.

NOT LONG AGO we received a brochure setting out in simplified form the rules of the Street Cleaning Department. The pamphlet was headed by a quotation from Kipling's *Just So Stories* ("I have six honest serving men") and illustrated by simple line drawings—a kindergarten approach adapted to the mental level of street litterers.
We can go along with all the rules except the one that says you must put your autumn leaves out in suitable containers. We prefer to hoard part of our leaves and burn the rest in a safe corner of the backyard. It is a favorite fall ritual and we plan to continue it till someone slaps a ticket on our mulch-pile.

Meanwhile, we are still wondering what Kipling's Six Honest Serving Men—What, Why, When, How, Where, and Who—would do about old floormops, blown umbrellas, and that row of oil lamps we bought during the Hydro-Electric shortage. The Street Cleaning Department won't touch them.

BLUE JEANS are still a brisk subject for controversy. A Toronto high school principal has forbidden the wearing of blue jeans to school. He claims they are sloppy. Farmers are equally critical of jeans. They feel that the old-fashioned blue jeans have been stylized out of wearability and aren't sloppy enough.

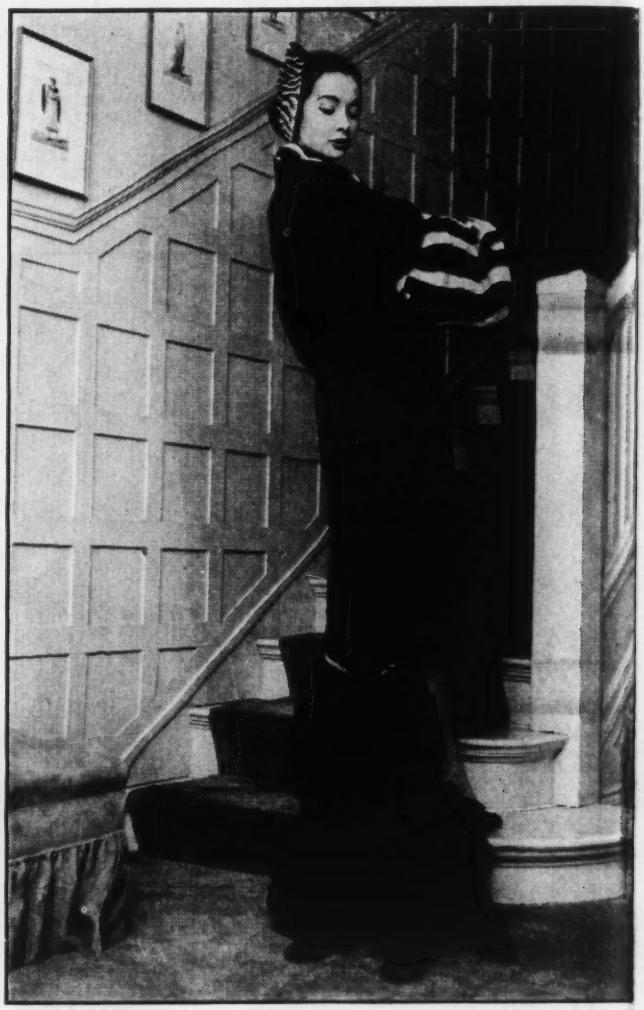
Jeans are now styled to the contours of Rory Calhoun and Marilyn Monroe. Even the old-time Carharrt overall has been slimmed down or amplified in conformity to the ranch, or Hollywood, ideal. The new lines don't pretend to conform to the contours of the busy farmer.

At present there seems to be little hope ahead for the anti-jeans faction. Jeans have now been taken over by *Haute Couture*, and a recent fashion show featured a pair of hostess jeans, slim in the leg, tight in the waist and ample in the hipline. They are made of silver blue mink and cost $3,500 a pair. As a further advantage they are almost indistinguishable at a distance from ordinary blue denim.

IN NEW BRUNSWICK they are already cutting and racking up fir trees for the Christmas trade. However, if you prefer a British import, you can have, this year, a Christmas tree made of split goose-feathers and dyed New Brunswick fir green. The goose-feather tree has certain advantages. It doesn't come looking like a badly rolled umbrella. It doesn't clog the vacuum cleaner. It can be stored and used all over again next year. The only thing it lacks is Christmas magic and for that reason we will probably go out when the time comes and invest in a home-grown fir.

TWO *of Montreal's four women members: Marie France (at right) and France Davies.*

Photos: Arnott & Rogers



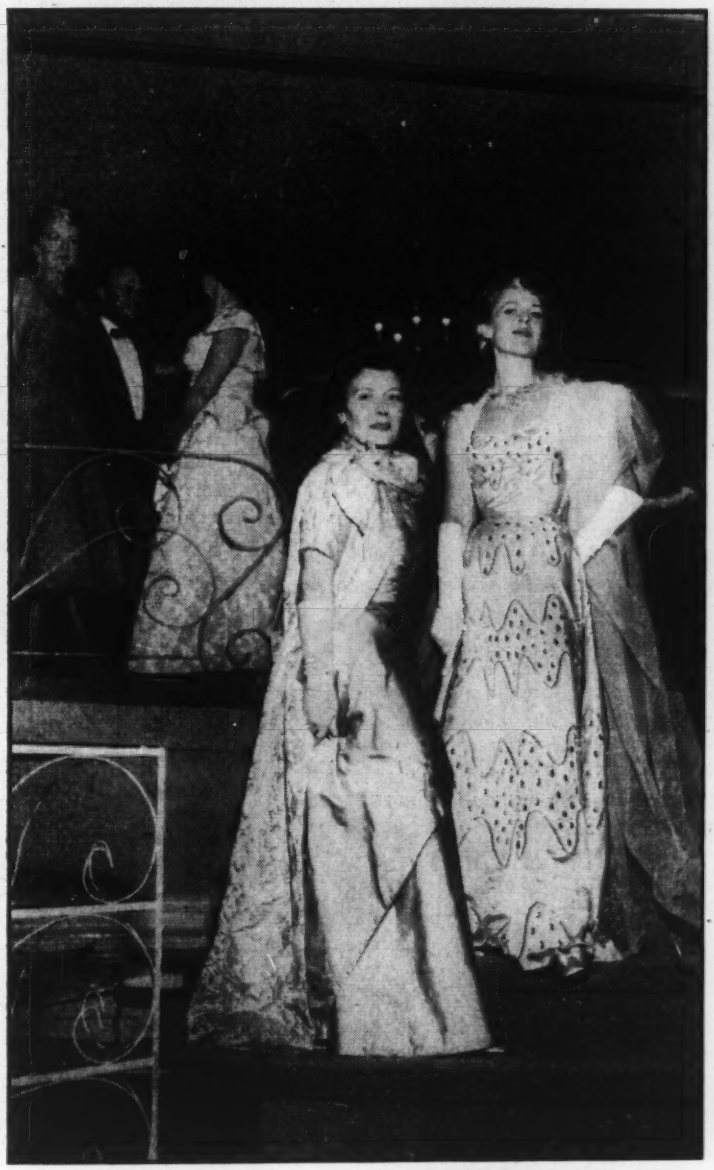
SUIT *by Raoul-Jean Fouré, Montreal, in fine wool, with a soft pleat from shoulder to waist in the tapering back. Zebra fur is used as a coat trim, for the muff and chignon hat.*

Photo: Wool Bureau, by Ken Bell

WORKING SKETCHES *of a theatre ensemble by Louis Berai, St. Catharines, Ont. The black wool coat is lined with pink taffeta, and has hand stitching. The black wool barathea dress has a 14-yard flare at the hemline, and is edged with the matching pink taffeta of the coat lining.*

The Association of Canadian Couturiers

A GROUP *of top Canadian couturiers has formed an Association, to bring a new prestige to Canadian fashions and Canadian fabrics. Of the 15 members, seven are Canadian born; the others are from France, Hungary and Italy, but have lived in Canada from two to 25 years. The group, using original designs and Canadian fabrics, has presented three shows already, in Montreal, Vancouver and Ottawa, with a new collection scheduled to be shown at the Hotel Pierre, New York, on Dec. 7.*



CORNELIA *(on lowest step), one of the three Toronto members, at the formal opening of her new salon. The model is wearing one of Cornelia's elaborate evening gowns.*

Photo: Ashley & Crippen

THE ASSOCIATION MEMBERS:
Raoul-Jean Fouré, President, Montreal
D'Anjou, Montreal
Louis Berai, St. Catharines, Ont.
Cornelia, Toronto
France Davies, Montreal
Federica, Toronto
Marie France, Montreal
Lise Gaulin, Ottawa
Germaine and René, Montreal
Bianca Gusmaroli, Montreal
Marcel Martel, Montreal
Jacques Michel, Montreal
Jacques de Montjoye, Montreal
Tibor de Nagay, Toronto
Louis-Philippe de Sève, Montreal

TWEED WITH TWEED: *a natural association. Lenthéric presented phials of the perfume on tweed swatches to the audience at the Wool Showing in Ottawa.*

Photo: Ken Bell

Serve
PEEK FREAN'S
TWIGLETS
WHEN
ENTERTAINING
Put swank in your party. Twiglets lend a London flavour when you serve refreshments. And these long, thin "twigs" which have a zestful taste are appetizing as well as novel.
Peek Frean's TWIGLETS
Mr. Peek & Mr. Frean
MADE BY
PEEK FREAN'S
MAKERS OF
Famous ENGLISH Biscuits
614

The right climate for Canadian golfers
Join the Canadians who, more and more, are discovering that Pinehurst's healthy dry climate is the perfect setting for a perfect vacation. Invigorating pine-scented air that's just right – neither too hot nor too cold and no humidity.
Four famous 18-hole golf courses – for experts, average and beginners. Also riding and bowling. Fine hotels, *moderate rates*, good food, courteous service. For reservations write Pinehurst, Inc., 36 Dogwood Road, Pinehurst, N.C.
Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

Letters

A Teacher Replies

IF HIGH SCHOOL teachers are not well read in history it is simply because they do not have any time to read. I had the unfortunate experience of trying to teach *six* different courses at the Junior College level. . .

Ontario is fortunate in having the "specialist" system. At least, the student can feel more confident in his instructors than in other provinces where the history specialist is required to be a specialist in other fields as well. . . A system which attempts to train everyone whether they are qualified or not, which in effect reduces all intellectual values to the lowest common denominator, which makes the teacher the wet nurse of society, cannot attract good people. It can only repel them. As long as interesting and challenging positions are available outside of teaching at higher rates of pay, educational systems cannot help but be anything else than mediocre. When Professor Lower remarks that, "it is the teacher who makes or breaks the school —not systems, methods and educational philosophies", he is unfortunately putting the cart before the horse.

Shrewsbury, Mass. F. CARL MILLER

Unctuous Venom

WHEN you call the findings of the Massey Commission "flatulent guff" . . . you insult worthy Canadians who are endeavoring to contribute to Canadian culture in Arts, Letters and Radio Stage and are making a good job of it despite your unsympathetic remarks. The members of the Commission were erudite in these fields and were chosen specially for their integrity, responsibility and fitness to act. What SATURDAY NIGHT's qualifications are to denounce so immeasurably their report I know not nor do I think anyone else does. In a manner of speaking you put words into the mouth of the Royal Commission anent Canadian culture which, of course, it did not use. The words are yours and put down with such unctuous venom as to create the impression that they really express your own opinion—and this would explain the tone of your article. You seek to draw an analogy between Mr. St. Laurent's attitude to Mr. Duplessis and his attitude to the Massey report. This pretence where no analogy exists seems to be merely a pretext to renew your prejudiced denunciation of CBC and the Royal Commission.

Westmount, Que. GORDON LAIRD

Quebec an Island

ONE OF YOUR correspondents, Mr. L. C. Desautel of Montreal wrote (Oct. 23) that the conception that Quebec is an "island whose rights are in danger" is obsolete.

I would like to be allowed only one comment. As long as the people living outside Quebec will oppose the establishment of French schools, I cannot but consider Quebec as an "island" in Canada, and since the right to schools is completely denied in other parts of Canada, I believe Quebec justified to look closely after it.

Edmonton GERALDE LACHANCE

Finest Lines

SINCE WE SEEM to suffer from a dearth of men to nominate as the Greatest Canadian, why not move from a discussion of personalities to a wider field? After all, who can assess the true worth of some bygone discoverer or even of some more recent politician or scientist? "By their works ye shall know them," says the Bible, and since it is in its songs and through its poets that a people develops a consciousness of nationhood, why not see what lines of poetry Canadians love (Canadian poetry, that is), and perhaps out of it all will come some inkling of how Canadians think and feel.

I nominate as my choice for the finest line of Canadian verse Marjorie Pickthall's,

Far from the perilous folds that are my home from "Père Lalement".

Winnipeg ARCHIE MACCRIMMON

Of Many Things

YOUR criticism of Civil Defence was in fact a criticism of the fine men who have given time and energy, without hope of reward except the thanks of their fellow citizens, to the task of getting our civilian populations prepared for the inevitable emergency. . .

Winnipeg TREVOR JONES

I SUGGEST that if book reviewers wrote in the way that Morley Callaghan advocates, by laying "about them openly with the bludgeons of their wild prejudices and fierce frustrations", he would be one of the first to yearn for "the good old days". . .

Vancouver ETHEL DONOGHUE

BEFORE RETIRING last night I read the "Front Page".

Might I suggest that you add a dash of saccharin to the vinegar you drink each morning.

Chatham, Ont. DR. H. S. BARLOW

THE attack on Canada's clergymen was disgraceful. . . Is nothing sacred? Must the desire to backbite and destroy, which seems to be a compulsion with writers today, extend even to religion?

Ottawa R. S. DAVIS

I WOULD laud your honesty in printing Farley Mowat's article under Minority Report, "The Case of the Disappearing Eskimos". . . It is moving to see one little man stand out and stand up to the crass criticism of his efforts — an individualism which augurs well in an era of mass movements. It is heartening to know that you permit the battle for truth to be waged in the pages of your paper.

Fort William, Ont. R. M. DONOVAN

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ESTABLISHED 1887

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Invite

this famous world-traveller

to join you this evening

"Canadian Club"

CANADA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED WHISKY

FAVOURED BY CONNOISSEURS THE WORLD OVER

Hiram Walker & Sons Limited

DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

TERYLENE*

the versatile new textile fibre

'Terylene' for clothes that will make other clothes jealous

Whether it's woven into flattering ski clothes or a sleekly tailored suit, you'll find 'Terylene' resists wrinkling in a way no other fibre can match. Yet set creases and pleats stay in beautifully even when the garment is washed. You'll meet 'Terelyne' blended in many ways with other fibres. For example, 'Terylene' with wool is one of the best combinations yet developed. Some other things you'll enjoy with this talented new fibre are especially good-wearing fabrics and clothes that will not shrink or stretch out of shape.

When **can you buy 'Terylene'? Quite soon, at better stores.**

"BANDOLIER" by master ski-wear designer, Irving of Montreal. This more femininely styled suit is tailored in grey 'Terylene' and wool. The cross band of red, on which is appliqued dark blue braid, goes completely round the jacket. Note zippered sleeve pocket, neat collar, slimming effect of the specially cut downhill ski pants.

**Reg'd Trade Mark Polyester Fibre*

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